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Current Comments

THE concern as to national expenditure which we referred to last month has since been much more openly and widely expressed. We suggested that another Inchcape-Geddes report would soon be demanded, and it may be that Mr. Churchill's allusion to "alarm bells ringing" was inspired by schoolday recollections of Southey's poem about the bell on the famous Inchcape rock. If not, he would do well to ponder upon the story of the good Abbot of Aberbrothok, who so obligingly rhymed with "rock," and who fixed a warning bell to prevent mariners from coming to an untimely end. In the words of old Stoddart, "the bell being taken down by a sea-pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rockes, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."

Mr. Churchill hears the Inchcape Bell

It is beyond doubt that a similar fate will befall any Chancellor who chooses to ignore, or is unable to give effect to, Lord Inchcape's plain warning that our present scale of national expenditure is ruinous and unbearable. Even Mr. Garvin, one of Mr. Churchill's staunchest supporters, compresses a leading article into an epigram in the "Observer": "During the next session or two either the Budget or the Government will come down." Government by inquiry may easily be overdone. We have yet to learn what useful purpose will be served either by the Food Committee or by a new inquiry into the coal industry. That they will effect nothing practical seems certain. They will merely confirm the view of those who already know that the wild charges of "profiteering" are unfounded, while leaving those who are convinced that a small group of greedy capitalists are shamelessly exploiting the public, unshaken in their absurd belief. As, however, the control of national expenditure and the aim of true economy, which we might define as providing essentials only and at the minimum cost, seem to be entirely beyond the grasp of the professional politician, we should welcome an inquiry by

independent business men of proved capacity into the vital problem of how best and quickest to reduce the burden of taxation by £100,000,000 a year. If Mr. Churchill does not wish to share the fate of reckless Ralph the Rover he could not do better than invite Lord Inchcape, who has rendered so many services of incalculable value to the State, to ring another national "alarm bell."

The Cruiser Crisis

It is unfortunate that our politicians always try to begin their economies with the fighting services on the strength of which our security depends. They are essentially the insurance of the nation, and no wise business man attempts to base a scheme of retrenchment on a cutting down of insurance. It is from this point of view that the cruiser problem must be considered, and it is to be regretted that on such a matter there should have been any hesitation or division in a Conservative Government. The need of a reinforced cruiser strength capable of guarding the interests of our merchant shipping, the trade routes of the Empire and of showing the flag, is known to every naval officer, and it was merely ridiculous of Mr. Lloyd George to sneer so contemptuously at "the profligate programme of Admiralty experts," when he was arguing that what the country needed was not fast cruisers but slow spenders.

All Conservatives are agreed that somehow or other we must keep pace with those other powers which have thought fit to build ships of post-war design and that it is on the whole safer, *pace* Mr. Lloyd George, to be governed by experts than to be governed by amateurs. One point brought up by the retrenchers at any risk deserves attention—the advantages of building late so as to profit by the latest discoveries and experiments and then to build fast. It is highly satisfactory that Mr. Bridgeman's determination has secured the Admiralty programme of seven cruisers. The country owes him a debt of gratitude, for that programme was the minimum. Equally satisfactory is the report that the Admiralty is to be given a freer hand to carry out the administrative reform economies favoured by the entire Service. It is hoped that the disappearance of at least one superfluous dockyard and other reforms may render it unnecessary to bring in a supplementary naval estimate this year.

Subsiditis

MUCH as we may sympathize with the troubles that throw a good man off his balance, our sympathy wanes and our faith in his ability to recover diminishes if he seek relief in drink or drugs. We are perilously near this condition as a Nation. There is no doubt about the fact that we are suffering from severe economic troubles. There is no doubt about the chief causes of those troubles. They are excessive debt, excessive expenditure, and general disinclination to work as hard as we did or as our competitors. There can thus be no doubt about the only possible remedies. They are simply to work harder, much harder, and simultaneously to reduce our expenditure and our debt. While it is true that this counsel is urged daily with platitudinous futility, there is little sign of anyone being in a hurry to adopt it. On the other hand, all but a small band of economic diehards persist in advocating the pernicious dope of subsidies in one form or another. Even Sir Alfred Mond, whom until lately we took to be a diehard in finance, talks subsidies. Sir Robert Hadfield suggests subsidizing the railways in order to enable them to quote lower rates for carriage of goods.

Mr. Baldwin even hinted at subsidies, but we hope has thought better of it. Labour's only remedy for the coal industry is, in effect, subsidies through nationalization. Somebody of more or less importance advocates a subsidy for every languishing industry. "Subsiditis" is, indeed, epidemic. In a very young country with no established industries it is possible that a plausible case might be made out for subsidizing a few industries until they got on their feet. An indirect subsidy in the shape of a remission of duty may be justified, for instance, in the case of beet sugar. But apart altogether from the fact that any economist would utterly condemn subsidies as a physician would condemn dope, as tending inevitably to aggravate the disease, where, with taxation at its present level, is the money to come from? If the dole were abolished and replaced by a bare subsistence allowance of food, and if the restrictive tyrannies of the trade unions were broken, three results would very quickly ensue, *which will be achieved by no other means.* There would be a vast saving in relief expenditure; those of the unemployed who are employable would soon find work; and there would be, moreover, greatly increased production at a lower and, therefore, marketable cost.

The Mining Crisis

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the article on "The Mining Crisis," by Mr. A. E. Ritchie, whose long connection with both the technical and commercial sides of the industry entitle him to speak with authority upon his subject. Mr. Ritchie's suggestion that the present situation has been accentuated by the intimate relations established between the president and secretary of the Miners' Federation and the Third International at Moscow, is strengthened by the recent speech of Lord Birkenhead at Milton Abbey, in the course of which he said: "Whenever you meet a man who preaches the doctrine of Moscow, treat that man as your enemy—I am in a position to inform you with considerable knowledge that there is a great deal of Russian money amongst our industrial population to-day."

The connection between our miners and Moscow has been quite openly confessed by their leaders. For instance, last December Mr. A. J. Cook, complaining that some of the papers were threatening him with Mr. Herbert Smith's disapproval on his return from Russia, said: "I have received letters from him, and if when he comes back he is as 'red' as I believe from them he is, I shall be a reactionary. In the last speech he made in Russia he deliberately said what I have been saying."

It seems scarcely credible that the miners will continue to flout public opinion by persisting in their refusal to appear at the inquiry which the Government has set up. Even their own especial organ, the *Daily Herald*, can hardly countenance them in this, for in an article entitled "The More Light the Better," it has pointed out that the court would be useful because it would bring out the facts, and these, we are assured, "will triumphantly vindicate the miners' case." If, therefore, Mr. Herbert Smith will not submit his case to the adjudication of this court the public, not unnaturally, will conclude that his confidence in a triumphant vindication is less than that of the *Daily Herald*. On the other hand, if, perchance, he puts in a belated appearance, it will be said—and probably with truth—that the other unions, between whom and the miners a quasi-alliance has been formed, have made him march to their orders. In either event, Mr. Herbert Smith will present a striking example of the futility and incompetence that so characterizes the executive heads of the Miners' Federation.

THERE is much food for reflection in the United States Government's initiative with regard to the impending China Conference, and especially in its expressed desire to make the question of extra-territoriality a subject of immediate discussion by the Powers concerned. To the logical or the philosophic mind these spasmodic adventures in liberal action by the State Department are always interesting, inasmuch as they reflect the eternal conflict between the practical necessities and the sentimental ideals of "God's Own Country." Altruistic ideals such as the gospel of self-determination, or the brotherhood of the League of Nations, represent no deep-rooted national convictions; they remain, therefore, so far as America is concerned, merely splendid gestures, bound to be sacrificed sooner or later to the exigencies of domestic politics. But the havoc they make amongst those they were meant to benefit is incalculable.

The China Conference

In the present instance, the State Department's sudden gesture of sympathy for the "national" aspirations of the Chinese student-rioters reflects, no doubt, the powerful voting influence of missionary and educational bodies in the States; but even more compelling as a motive, in the background, is the instinctive feeling throughout America that anything which tends to increase Japanese influence in China must be prejudicial to American interests. The State Department is, of course, well aware that a discussion, however academic, of the extra-territorial problem at this juncture is not likely to promote the restoration of law and order, which is the one thing needful, in China. Nevertheless, its initiative in this direction is intelligible, for the whole record of American policy in the East, since Mr. Roosevelt's intervention as peacemaker between Japan and Russia in 1905, justifies the belief that America would rather see China continue in its present woeful state of anarchy than be restored to peace and prosperity by any joint action of the allies in which Japan would necessarily play a leading part.

Incidentally one may mildly wonder at this urgent initiative in Chinese affairs on the part of a nation which declines to join the League of Nations because of its determination to avoid entanglement in foreign affairs.

THE vital question of security and of our relations with France, Belgium, and Germany, to which during the past two years we have devoted so much of our space, has at last, after many setbacks, and thanks mainly to the patient persistence of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, reached a point of agreement highly propitious to an ultimate solution on the lines we have advocated. While, certainly, we are justified in expecting success, it would be foolish to shout before we are out of the wood, since much remains to be done. Equally we conceive that for the present the part of the press and the publicists is to regard their innings as closed, until the negotiations between the respective governments produce developments which demand and justify comment. The Allied Governments are meeting Germany on the only possible basis of presumed mutual good faith. No purpose would be served, and the efforts of our representatives could only be prejudiced, by merely anticipatory criticism.

The Pact

The German reply to the French Note of June 16 is couched in smooth and conciliatory terms which encourage hope of further early progress. Certain disputatious reservations may to some extent be discounted by the fact that it was necessary to placate Nationalist opinion in Germany, and that German diplomacy invariably keeps a margin for bargaining. There is no reason at this stage to assume that they are intended to be developed into irreconcilable obstacles to agreement.

Confidence in the successful issue of the negotiations is strengthened by the rather remarkable admissions, now appearing in formerly doubtful or antagonistic quarters, of the reality of the grounds advanced in this REVIEW for a pact securing the Rhine frontier. With a few negligible exceptions the conviction seems suddenly to have become almost unanimous that the contentions which, while the issue remained in doubt, only a few staunch organs of opinion upheld, are fundamentally correct.

The following examples will serve to illustrate the change in outlook.

Professor Gilbert Murray writes in the *Nation*:

> If Great Britain, naturally preferring her Dominions to her neighbours, stands completely out of this European movement, her relations with the European Powers will inevitably become dangerous. And, as we all know, the Channel, instead of being a shield to England, has become a trap. If the Franco-Belgian coast falls into the hands of a hostile Power,

enemy aircraft will destroy our towns and enemy submarines starve us into submission in a few months. The "bad neighbour," who refused to make any sacrifice for the peace of Europe, will find herself suddenly at the mercy of those whom she refused to save.

Obviously, this will not do.....We cannot, either morally or materially, prevent the nations of Europe making permanent peace, if they wish to do so. Neither can we afford to see them unite in such a way that their union may eventually be directed against us. What is the way out? It is the way which, for quite other reasons, the British Government seems actually to be trying to take.....

The British Empire will not take on any widespread European responsibilities or sign any universal Covenant of Arbitration. The nations of Europe will have a Treaty of Permanent Peace whatever the Australians or South Africans may say. Great Britain must have a neutralized coast opposite her harbours, and is willing for that price to guarantee the frontier between France and Germany.

Again, in the *Nation*, even Mr. Norman Angell writes:

Germany, too, must have security. It is the very first condition of security for the Allies. If she remains in the position of having no rights that stronger neighbours care to respect, she will re-create her own strength, challenge our power, whatever we may do to prevent her; and war will be repeated. The fact of having our hands free, of being committed, will no more prevent our being drawn in than it did last time.

France cannot be expected to surrender the "security" of military preponderance, or to reduce that preponderance, unless she gets in exchange some diplomatic and political means of security....Any undertaking to protect France must obviously be subject to political good behaviour....

The *Sunday Times*, July 19, remarks:

After all, no talk about the Empire can hide the fact that Great Britain, while not in Europe, is of it, and cannot be indifferent to its affairs. It is not necessary for the Dominions to have a European policy, but Great Britain must have one. And so long as it is a policy directed towards the maintenance of peace, it cannot be anti-Imperial. There are some good arguments for the Pact, and some good ones against it; but among the latter the apprehensions of the Dominions ought not to be included. They may be very sure, and should console themselves by remembering, that the British people will agree to nothing in Europe that does not promise to add to the ultimate security of the Empire.

Mr. Garvin in the *Observer*, July 19, says:

The one vital necessity for this island, the heart of the Empire, is air-security and air-equality. With that we can and must take more, though not excessive, naval and military risks. Without that everything else means sacrificing the substance to the shadow, or the kernel to the husk. The France of the future is bound to desire peace as much as we do. If France and Britain co-operated to maintain an overwhelming air-strength upon terms of equal partnership, then—providing they did not quarrel with the United States—they could make their joint security impregnable in all circumstances. Then this country could save immensely on its present colossal charges for unsecured defence.

The *Manchester Guardian*, the leading Liberal journal, whose influence extends beyond party circles, supports the pact on the common-sense ground that it is a necessary policy of insurance. Mr. Austen Chamberlain would seem at last to be assured of a good press.

THE House of Lords was at its best in the continuation of the debate on the Irish Loyalists (Damage Claims), which was made memorable by the reappearance of that veteran statesman, the Marquess of Lansdowne. There was a larger gathering of Peers than had been seen previously during this session to listen to the speech of one who could speak with the serenity of eighty years on a vexed question which touched him closely, and whose age had failed to impair the clearness of his utterance and arguments. Without a trace of bitterness and with gentle impartiality, he pleaded the cause of his friends, and produced a great impression on a sympathetic House. Lord Lansdowne described himself with pleasant humour as belonging to the rather pitiable fraternity of Irishmen with a grievance, and the tone in which he spoke of the destruction of his own house and of its contents commanded universal sympathy. Nothing could have been more convincing than the manner in which he expressed his determination that in his claim for compensation no item should be over-valued. The impression of injustice was increased by the fact that he was refused full compensation, because he was unable to prove that some of the missing contents had not been looted. His presence and the general feeling in the Upper House were not without their effect on the Government, and the Marquess of Salisbury abandoned the *non possumus* attitude which seemed to sum up the policy of the Government when the debate opened. The Government's proposal of an informal committee of inquiry was accepted by the Earl of Selborne in the name of his friends, and it is to be hoped that its labours may lead to a just and satisfactory conclusion.

A Veteran Statesman

IT is a serious commentary on the dangers of drift in methods of Government to learn that the refusal to pay over to the victims of air-raids and coast bombardments the damages received from Germany by the British Government has never been endorsed by the House of Commons. The policy initiated by the permanent officials of the Treasury has only come to the knowledge of the House of Commons by way of the answers of Ministers to private questions, and the House has never been allowed to pronounce an opinion on it.

Official Dishonesty

We state specifically "the policy adopted by permanent officials" because, although four successive Chancellors have dealt with this matter, the spirit informing their replies has been the same. The voice may be the voice of successive Esaus, but the words are the words of Jacob the supplanter.

If it be true that members of the Government are trustees, and not the owners of the estate, whose fee simple is in the people, still more is this true of the Treasury. Owing, however, partly to war conditions, and afterward to frequent changes of Government, responsible Ministers have lately surrendered too much power to the officials. Many instances occur, such as recent regulations on Income Tax collection, and even worse, the treatment of claimants for war damage.

An Enquiry Demanded

At a recent meeting of civilian claimants for reparations it was resolved that, inasmuch as the House of Commons has never been allowed to record its decision, or express its opinion on the treatment of air-raid sufferers by the Treasury, the Prime Minister be asked to set up a committee of the House to examine and report on the case for compensation of civilian sufferers from war damage. The Southern Irish Loyalists have at last been granted a similar inquiry and, although the claims for war damage to civilians have hitherto been more successfully obscured by the officials and ministers responsible, the justice of these claims is at least equally undeniable. In one material respect, indeed, the war claims are even stronger than those of the Southern Irish, for not only were most of the losses suffered at an earlier date, but the Government has actually received the money compensations from Germany which it refuses to disburse.

The New Inquisition

The Americans, like Providence, pursue their ends in strange ways, and it must not be concluded that, because the men who professed to be moved by the loftiest considerations in the "Monkeyville" trial were precisely those most active in enveloping it in a dime circus atmosphere, nothing serious is going to come of it. It is the supreme axiom, the guiding rule, of American life, social or business, public or private, that you must advertise to get results, and if Christ came to Chicago, as the title of

a forgotten book ran, He would require for His purposes not twelve apostles, but twelve publicity experts. It is nothing to Messrs. Bryan and Company that they are, indeed, making monkeys of themselves. They have set out to make Christianity sit up and take notice, and they will undoubtedly succeed. In this land of compromise we long ago claimed that Christianity and Evolution would be, and had been, reconciled. The Bishops did not say that when the "Origin of Species" was first published. They said, as Bryan is saying to-day, that the two were incompatible. Evolution proving more and more difficult to assail, the Church made a noble effort to swallow it whole. Down in Tennessee, however, they know as little about casuistry as about Evolution. The Bible is the Bible, they say, and if you don't believe what it says, you can't be a Christian or, at any rate, the sort of Christian that has long ago pre-empted and patented the right to call himself that. If you let Evolution make hay of Genesis science, it is feared, may destroy even more fundamental events narrated in the gospels. Whether this argument is sound or not, much breath and energy can be expended upon it, and we may be sure that the new movement to put back the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, into Christianity will soon be fluttering the tea-parties of Little Puddlecombe. Already a movement is afoot in Europe to effect yet another of those typically British compromises, this time between Roman Catholicism, which aims at reviving Christianity with Papal Bulls, and Protestantism, which hopes to bring it round by pumping Neo-Platonism into it. It may well be that before we are much older we shall see all these jarring sects proclaiming Dayton, Tenn., as the New Jerusalem, and hailing William Jennings Bryan as the man who applied Real Estate methods to Christianity—and started a boom.

Listening In

THE most tangible result of the system of National Education adopted in the last century was the creation of a vast "popular" press and the output of masses of cheap "popular" fiction to supply the new demand for reading matter. Few realize the magnitude of the industry thus created, or of the fortunes which it has yielded to its exploiters.

It has at last found a competitor which is reputed to

have played havoc with the circulations of many of the cheaper fiction periodicals. Lord Gainford, presiding the other day at the annual meeting of the B.B.C., claimed (perhaps excessively) that the army of "listeners-in" already numbered ten millions, and that it would soon reach twenty millions! When every tramcar, 'bus, and train is equipped with wireless probably a reaction will set in, and the printed word will regain its popularity.

We are relieved to think that the B.B.C., with its eye on the twenty millions, will hardly venture to offer them such fare as would be likely to threaten the circulation of the more serious reviews. Our own, we are glad to be able to record, continues to increase.

Atavism in Art

UNDER the title "Praxiteles and Modern Art" we publish a short article in this number by Mr. Terence Gray in reply to the article by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, "Anarchy in Art and Letters," which appeared in July.

In his criticism of the Epstein monstrosity in Hyde Park, Mr. Coleridge referred to Praxiteles, not, we are sure, with any desire to urge modern sculptors slavishly to imitate Praxiteles, but rather as an example of a great artist who, in seeking the best in Nature as his model, had produced works of imperishable beauty.

Art, as the highest expression or flower of civilization, symbolizes for future ages its various types and, if progress of intelligence and culture be not an illusion, the present age need not be blind to the artistic beauties of any of its predecessors, whether Chinese, Egyptian, or Greek. The races of the world, in succeeding ages, have evolved civilizations as different in all respects as in their art forms, and if, again, progress be not an illusion or, as Mr. Gray puts it, if they are not to be stereotyped for all time, one must emerge as dominantly superior. That pride of place undoubtedly belongs to European civilization, and Europe's title to the honour is confirmed rather than challenged by the fact that in the realm of intellect and art some of the achievements of ancient Greece have never been surpassed. The inspiration of her sculptors was drawn from Nature, and if they "idealized" Nature it was only by attempting to combine in a single piece of stone all the perfections which they found in a multitude of her living prototypes. If

civilizations perish, Nature is eternal, and that art which has the closest affinity with Nature in her highest manifestations will be most nearly immortal. Mr. Epstein may choose to display his "power and significance" by the choice of types from the lower forms of life, but all his undoubted power and skill will not induce sane and cultivated intelligence to prefer these to the higher types immortalized by Praxiteles and equalled, if not surpassed, by those daily putting him to shame in the park which he has desecrated with his abortion. It is impossible to reason with the familiar argument that standards of beauty are merely arbitrary, and that those who are incapable of admiring equally a Hottentot or a Psyche are culturally defective. This is the freedom of thought of Tolstoy, which leads to anarchy. Healthy-minded English people will abhor it as a decadent and probably atavistic yearning of like for like. Just as decidedly should we reject the claims of the Bolsheviks or even the Chinese to a civilization equal to our own.

Divorce Reports

In introducing a Bill to regulate reports of judicial proceedings with a view to limiting newspaper accounts of scandalous cases, Lord Darling recalled the complaint made by Queen Victoria in 1859 to Lord Campbell, and very truly remarked that the abuse was far more flagrant to-day than sixty years ago. It was pleasantly reminiscent of the great days of Parliament to hear Horace quoted in a debate:

> Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit
> Nos nequiores mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

But it was singularly unfortunate that on such an occasion the noble lord should have appeared to misconstrue the last line, for he expressed a hope that Horace's vow would be fulfilled and that those who came after us would be better than we were. There is undoubtedly a strong feeling in many quarters, both political and journalistic, that something should be done to check a licence such as is enjoyed by no other country in Europe. There was a piquancy in the suggestion that if, as was rumoured, certain newspapers were owned by members of the Upper House, it would be interesting to hear what they had to say about that section of the press which has made great fortunes out of the garbage of the courts.

The Mining Crisis

By A. E. Ritchie

HUMAN nature being what it is, we should not be surprised at the effect upon some of our Labour Leaders of their frequent visits to Moscow. In particular, Mr. A. J. Cook, the secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain—the "disciple of Karl Marx and the humble follower of Lenin"—must have felt the worst pangs of the envious when contemplating the pomp and circumstance surrounding those erstwhile denizens of the ghettos of Europe who now occupy the seats of the mighty in the courts and palaces of the Romanoffs.

Not by any means all, but certainly a large proportion of the troubles that our coal industry has experienced during recent years is attributable to the close association that has been established between our Labour Party and the Third International. Although I cannot but feel indignant that thousands of our miners, representing the flower of the workers in the industry, are being made the catspaws of Continental Communists, I will not now labour this point beyond saying that the observant must see in the present situation the red hand of Moscow stretched out to grasp the opportunity for furthering the revolutionary aims of the Soviets against the peace of this country. Opportunely, in support of this contention, "Comrade" Kutusoff, who was with the Soviet Delegation that negotiated the abortive Anglo-Soviet treaty with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government last year, has just published his reminiscences. Quite candidly he forecasts our future as the Bolshevists would have it. He says:

> There will soon be a storm in England. The old forest is still quiet and calm, but the leaves are beginning to rustle. The storm is coming! The storm is near! And in the flare of old, stupid, conceited, snobbish England we will have a new England, a proletarian England.

We should be obliged to "Comrade" Kutusoff, despite his somewhat mixed metaphor, for so kindly furnishing

us with this up-to-date evidence of his friends' hopes for an upheaval of our old order and the creation of a new and proletarian England.

But Mr. Cook, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, is not the only one of the miners' leaders to become infected with the virus of Bolshevism. Mr. Herbert Smith, the president of that Federation, during his various visits to Moscow a year or so ago, was so befooled by his Soviet friends that he became obsessed with the idea that Russia offered an illimitable market for our coal; in fact, so greatly did they impress him that at his instigation the miners' Members were largely responsible for forcing the hand of the Labour Government with regard to the Anglo-Soviet treaty. Now, however, that Russia, so far from showing any desire to purchase coal from us, is actually exporting coal from the Donetz Basin and competing with us in the Mediterranean markets, Mr. Smith has shifted his ground. With the inability to appreciate the economics of the industry that characterizes all the miners' leaders, Mr. Smith recently declared that Russia was an anxious buyer of millions and millions of tons of our iron and steel manufactured goods, which, he said, would call for the supply of many more millions of tons of coal. He waxed eloquently indignant that all these potential avenues for the relief of unemployment should be kept closed by the crass stupidity of our merchant traders, and by the negligence of an inept and prejudiced Tory Government. Unfortunately for Mr. Smith's reputation as a trade expert, simultaneously with this diatribe of his in the *Daily Herald*, the Parliamentary reports in the same morning's papers showed that, while in 1924 our imports from Russia amounted to £20,000,000, she took only £4,000,000 of our products in return; so that, after allowing for the re-exports of foreign and colonial merchandise to the value of £7,000,000, there was a credit trade balance in Russia's favour of £9,000,000. Obviously, this sum was available for the purchase of some of the millions of tons of our manufactures so glibly spoken of by Mr. Smith, and, equally obviously, Russia's failure to apply her funds in this direction makes Mr. Smith look ridiculous.

It should not be necessary to apologize for pointing

out in some detail the connection between the heads of the Miners' Federation and our professed enemies in Russia, for the reason that within the rank and file of our miners there is a substantial and extremely intemperate element permeated with the doctrines of Bolshevism, which is embodied in what is known as the "Miners' Minority Movement," one of whose most shining lights is Mr. A. J. Cook. It is this avowedly revolutionary section of the miners that intends to make all the capital it can out of the present crisis, and which calls for a determined hand to restrict its subversive activities that threaten to bring the whole of our industrial life to a standstill, or to blackmail a flabby administration into a settlement at a ruinous cost to the country.

It is quite evident to those who will face facts that world conditions make it impossible for the miners' demands to be granted, or even for the industry as a whole to continue to pay wages on the present scale. This situation has arisen not because there has been an increase in the world-production of coal, but rather because there has been a reduction in the normal consumption, owing, as Mr. Herbert Smith says, "to the growth of the use of substitutes for coal, such as oil, hydro-electricity, and lignite." As concerns our own industry, the truth is—and, however unpalatable it is, it must be faced—that neither in Russia, nor in Germany, nor in France can we hope to regain our past volume of trade. Consequently, there must be a re-orientation of our position, and both the coal owners and the miners will have to adapt themselves to the new circumstances. As business men accustomed to taking a wide view of trade movements, the owners may be relied upon to meet the necessities of the situation in so far as they are permitted to maintain their freedom of action; but the outstanding difficulty is to make the men's leaders see the light. During the recent debates in the House of Commons on unemployment, Mr. Robert Smillie, one-time president of the Miners' Federation, actually suggested that the men had made enormous sacrifices during the war period by not forcing their wages up to £3 per day as, he said, they might easily have done! Apparently Mr. Smillie, like the other leaders, does not realize that the

high prices to which coal was forced in order to meet the extravagant demands of the miners are largely responsible for its present sub-normal consumption.

Every country has sought for substitute fuels in order to be free from the grip of the coal miners, with the result that we see to-day, as Mr. Herbert Smith himself admits, a large increase in the use of oil, as well as in installations for the production of hydro-electricity, and in the development of the Continental deposits of lignite and brown coal, in displacement of bituminous coal. The short-sightedness of the policy of "squeeze" has been demonstrated in other industries also, particularly in America, where it has led to an extended use of cement in building construction, consequent upon the exorbitant wage demands of the bricklayers.

Notwithstanding that the excessive cost of any product of universal consumption inevitably invites the competition of substitutes, Mr. Cook has proposed that our coal owners should combine to raise the price of coal. He contends that the industry is suffering more from the competition between colliery and colliery than it is from foreign competition. But as foreign buyers will only pay the world price for their requirements, it follows that Mr. Cook's proposal aims at raising the price to the home consumer, whether householder or manufacturer. As the miners' leaders are constantly trying to hoodwink the public by suggesting that they want nationalization in order to provide a supply of cheap fuel, it is well that Mr. Cook's latest proposal should not pass unnoticed.

Thus, while the miners' leaders are engaged in the unprofitable attempt to squeeze a gallon of water out of a pint pot, they are ignoring one of the chief factors responsible for the present position, viz. the over-manning of their industry. Perhaps this is not altogether surprising since the Miners' Federation is directly responsible for much of this over-manning by having insisted that the "all sorts and conditions of men" who entered the pits to replace the miners who joined up in the early stages of the war, should become full members of the Federation. The proper course, and one would have thought the obvious course, was to have accepted them as temporary

members only—*locum tenens*, so to speak, for those whose places they were supposed temporarily to fill. In the result, when the real miners were demobilized and came back to the pits, the Federation insisted upon the "temporary" hands being retained as well.

That this aspect of the case was fully realized by the Government of the day is evidenced by the fact that in my capacity as managing director of a certain colliery, I was called upon by the Coal Controller to explain why the personnel had suddenly increased, with no corresponding rise in the output to justify it. Moreover, the facts are embodied in the official published returns of persons employed in the mines generally.

Further interesting reading is afforded in the analysis of the comparative figures relating to the man-power in the mines at the time of the introduction of the Eight-hours Act of 1908, and subsequently of the Seven-hours Act of 1919. Taking the official figures of the years immediately preceding and succeeding each of these Acts, the results, which are somewhat startling, work out thus:

EIGHT HOURS ACT, 1908.

Year.	Tonnage Raised. (Millions.)	Number of Persons Employed.	Output per Person. (Tons.)
1907	267·8	925,097	289
1909	263·8	992,333	266
	−4	+67,236	−23
SEVEN HOURS ACT, 1919.			
1918	227·75	994,317	232
1920	229·5	1,185,108	194
	+1·75	+190,791	−38

In view of the above figures, which show how enormously the number of workmen increased while output remained practically stationary, it does not need the setting-up of any more courts of inquiry to enable the public to realize what is wrong with the coal industry. It may also be seen that legislation in restriction of hours has proved a greater burden than the shortsighted politicians responsible for these Acts foresaw, although the owners on each occasion did their best to enlighten them. The figures, moreover, give added emphasis to all

the bitter criticisms that have been directed against the egregious Sankey Commission, to which, indeed, the greater part of the unrest in the coal districts during the past five years is due. The men persist in quoting some of the findings of this Commission in support of their various demands, and a short-memoried public is apt to attach to them a greater importance than is warranted by the facts. But, to be fair to Mr. Justice Sankey, I doubt if he would have recommended the reduction in their working day had he foreseen how utterly the miners would falsify his expectations; it is well to recall his exact words. He said:

> I make this Report because I believe that the workers at present employed can and will maintain an output of 250,000,000 tons a year at least, which was the figure adopted in the Interim Report of March 20 last, presented by me and my three colleagues. I rely upon the honour of the men's leaders and of the men and of all others concerned to achieve this result. In my opinion it can and ought to be done. If the output per man continues to go down the supremacy of this country is in danger.

The figures of output and persons employed which were submitted to the Sankey Commission were those for the year 1918, when, as I have shown, there were less than one million workers who produced nearly 228 million tons of coal. In the first full year after Mr. Sankey made the report from which I have quoted, i.e. 1920, there were 1,185,108 workers, who produced only 229½ million tons! It surely is incomprehensible in the face of those figures that anybody should support the miners in their resistance to the re-introduction of the eight-hours day. The suggestion that there is any special hardship involved is negatived by the fact that in none of the other coal-producing countries do the miners work fewer than eight hours. Even Mr. A. J. Cook himself, in one of his infrequent rational moments, confessed that he "did not see how it was possible for them to retain their seven-hours' day while those on the Continent worked longer hours and for less wages."

When the miners claim to be put into their pre-war position, it is desirable to recall Mr. Herbert Smith's opening address at the Buckmaster inquiry, in the course of which he said:

> What we are asking you to do is to decide, as we say, a simple proposition, namely, is "John Jones" as active now as he was in 1914?

Evidently, from the subjoined figures relating to "John Jones's" work then and now, the answer is in the negative. In comparing the figures, and while remembering that the hours of work have been reduced, it must also be borne in mind that since 1914 many new and modernly-equipped collieries have been established, that throughout the industry much labour-saving machinery, in the form of coal-cutters and coal-conveyers, and other aids to economy and rapidity of production, have been installed, so that instead of a greater number of hands being employed in raising a lesser tonnage—the absolute contrary should have obtained.

How little justified was Mr. Herbert Smith's implication that "John Jones" was as active now as in 1914 may be seen from the following figures compiled from the official records:

	Year 1913.	Eight months to 31st December, 1924.
Earnings per man-shift ..	6s. 5·50d.	10s. 10·32d.
Wages cost per ton ..	9s. 10·50d.	13s. 6·75d.
Total cost per ton ..	9s. 5·50d.	19s. 1·25d.
Output per man-shift ..	20·30 cwt.	17·50 cwt.

Thus, actually, the men's earnings during the eight months of 1924, when the expiring agreement was operating, advanced practically to the increased cost of living figure, while their output per man-shift showed a drop of over 12½ per cent., which, with their increased wages, resulted in the cost of our coal being 100 per cent. higher than in 1913.

Moreover, when the miners demand that their wages shall be made to conform to the increased cost of living, they entirely overlook the fact that they are in a privileged position compared with workers in other industries. It is well known that their wages have always been supplemented by concessions in respect of housing and domestic fuel; these items constituted a serious charge upon the owners, even in the pre-war period, but to-day they are costing several additional millions per annum.

The figures relating to the miners' coal can be accurately established from the official returns issued by the Mines Department. From these we find that in 1924, after making the necessary adjustment in the average

cost of disposable coal by including miners' coal in the total, the cost per ton to the owners was 18s,; the account therefore stands thus:

1924.—Miners' coal, 6,134,040 tons at 18s.	£5,520,636
Less Amount received from the Miners at average rate of 4s. 4d. per ton	1,329,042
Or a bonus to the miners of	£4,191,594

and representing an average out-of-pocket loss to the owners of 13s. 8d. per ton.

It is customary for the miners to seek to depreciate the value of this concession by decrying the quality of the coal supplied. It should be understood, however, that it is the coal that they themselves send out of the pit, for which the hewers are paid the same contract price as for the rest of their output, and upon which, too, the owners incur the same normal expenditure in respect of costs other than wages.

Reverting to the question of housing, the miners here also are in a favoured position, for between 1901 and 1924 the owners built 88,000 houses at a total cost of £25,000,000—exclusive of any subsidy. What other body of employers has done anything like so much for their employees? Since the war, the building of miners' houses has gone on progressively. In 1919 some 1,464 houses were built, costing £516,200, while in 1924 3,537 were built, the cost of which was £1,364,400. For pre-war houses the average rent paid by the miners is still only 6s. 11d. per week, whilst for those built during the 1915–1924 period it is 8s. 9d. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, to estimate these housing privileges to the men at £2,000,000. Thus, when they complain of too low wages, the public should bear in mind that their prerogatives in respect of two such important items of living-costs as housing and fuel may be said to constitute an addition to the owners' wages bill of some £6,000,000 per annum.

It is impossible to deal with all the various phases of the present situation within the restricted scope of this article, but I would suggest to that generous-hearted public, ever prone to side with the underdog, that on this occasion it is the owners who are entitled to sympathetic

support. The owners' circumstances have been going from bad to worse ever since that fateful day last year, when, for the sake of industrial peace and in the interest of the community generally, they put their signatures to the now expiring agreement and shouldered what has proved to be an intolerable burden. While the owners' resources have been depleted week by week, the men's earnings have been protected by the minimum wage clause in the agreement, which has secured to them over £7,000,000 more in wages between May 1, 1924, and April 30, 1925, than they would have received had the preceding agreement continued in force.

Undoubtedly the coal industry is passing through a serious crisis and, unfortunately, one that delights the extremist element amongst the miners whose views are expressed in unequivocal language in the columns of the *Mineworker*, the official organ of the National Miners' Minority Movement, thus:

> The conflict of interests of the owners and the miners makes the conflict inevitable. For the miners to have the will to fight is great, but greater by far is the fact that they have the power, training, skill, etc., in order to emerge successfully from what can with certainty be declared the greatest revolutionary struggle in the history of British mining.

For years past it has been the avowed policy of this revolutionary element to maintain a continual agitation for increasing wages and shortening the hours of work until all the owners' profits had been extracted, when they would take over the industry and carry it on in the interest of the workers. That is what the most active section of the miners is aiming for, and it is from this or any similar policy of confiscation that the Government is called upon to protect the coal industry.

The War in the Rif

By Lieut.-Colonel V. Vivian, C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE sudden rise to fame of the Riffian Chief, Abd-el-Krim, has, for more than a year past, turned the eyes of the civilized world on Northern Morocco. Berber mentality is still, however, little comprehended.

Encouraged by some successes against the Spaniards, what line of policy would Abd-el-Krim adopt? Well-informed of the jealousy which, in certain European chancelleries, would seem to assure him impunity by guaranteeing the integrity of his new possessions, would he attack French Morocco? Intelligent and wary, would he not rather attempt to compose his differences with the Sultan and his protector, the French nation, and peacefully assimilate his much enlarged domain?

After having remained impenetrable for a considerable time, Abd-el-Krim has lately thrown off his mask, and across the vast front of the French Protectorate, left exposed by the withdrawal of the Spaniards, he has dispatched the tribesmen of the Rif and the Djebel, well armed and equipped with weapons and ammunition taken from the Spanish troops.

The country which lies between the Rabat-Meknes-Fez-Taza railway and the watershed separating the Atlantic from the Mediterranean presents a picture bewildering in its complexity. The rich plains of the Gharb on the Atlantic seaboard and the adjoining plateau give way to a wild mountainous country, north of the Ouergha, intersected by deep and winding valleys, in which pomegranate, fig, and orange groves cluster round springs and olive trees amid patches of barley, and even vines scramble up the slopes. The predominating nature of the soil is clay, which, from the commencement of the rains, renders it all but impassable.

The main ridge of the watershed follows generally the line of the Mediterranean coast, but is broken by several important corridors leading southwards, of which those figuring prominently in the present war are the

valleys leading to the Upper Ouergha and Leben rivers, by which an advance threatens Fez and the gap of Kifane leading to Taza.

The inhabitants of this country are Berbers, mostly belonging to the Senhadja branch, and live in rude villages consisting of thatched stone houses deep down in the ravines or perched like fortresses on the cragged peaks. Racially allied to their brethren farther south, in character they might well belong to another race.

On the slopes of the Great and Middle Atlas the Berber has proved himself to be a magnificent warrior, and possesses characteristics of nobility and straightforwardness, combined with energy and courage. A once redoubtable adversary, he has become a faithful ally. He has inherited through the centuries a spirit of independence, and his word given is rarely broken. He has accepted the label of Islam without submitting to its profound influence, and can be won over to a sincere attachment for those who respect his traditions while bringing order and peace to his country.

In Northern Morocco one finds little thick-set, dark-complexioned men, with round heads, and unprepossessing looks. Deeply Islamized for centuries under the near influence of the schools of Kairouin and Andalouss, Arabized to the point of totally forgetting the language of their race, and speaking a poor Arabic, the Djebels retain only a distant physical resemblance with their brethren of the two Atlases; but morally they are poles asunder.

Constantly harassed by the greedy Maghzen and the pillaging Riffi, they have little by little lost their original good qualities. For among the numerous tribes of the Djebel one must distinguish the "Djebelas" or mountaineers, who live in the French zone of influence, from the Riffians proper, with whom, geographically, the French have no direct contact. The latter, dwelling to the north of the watershed on the Mediterranean slopes between Kert and the Laho, have preserved, by an independence always bitterly disputed, the rude traits of the Berber character, the dominating features of which are love of war and pillage combined with intelligence and cunning.

From a political and military viewpoint how were the French situated in this region up to the end of 1923?

Protected on the east and west by Spanish posts, and in the centre by tribes for the most part friendly, the French maintained their authority along the whole front from the Loukkos to the Moulouya by a thin line of posts, whose total garrison hardly absorbed one and a half infantry battalions.

Since 1912, the fickleness or treachery of certain groups had necessitated a number of small advances, which, for example, in the region of Mediouna and Terroual-Issoual, were not carried out without severe fighting. Apart from these no operations on a large scale had ever been undertaken.

The effort of France, both military and budgetary, had been devoted to the pacification of the Middle and Great Atlas, which are now completely organized with strong posts, good roads, and 60 m.m. railways.

On the hitherto peaceful northern front no roads, save that from Souk-el-Arba in the Gharb to Ouezzan, and no railways had been constructed.

Suddenly menaced in this region the French found themselves in a painful situation. The least rain renders impossible any movement of artillery, motors, and "arabas," owing to the soggy and slippery clay. Marches are rendered most arduous, and the existence of infantry and pack animals becomes at times precarious.

From the commencement of 1924 the outlook became suddenly darkened. Desirous, both for military and political reasons, to put an end to a costly war, Spain abruptly announced her intention of withdrawing her troops from the greater part of the zone where she had assumed the charge of establishing order under the authority of the Sultan.

In an instant she violently revived the ancestral instincts of the race to throw itself on the heels of a retiring foe, and gave to Abd-el-Krim, her chief adversary, the opportunity of co-ordinating all hostile elements and of uniting under his authority, by a policy at once astute and ferocious, the most anarchical tribes of the Rif and the Djebel.

The Spanish withdrawal completely altered the situation in the French zone. They now found themselves on a front of 230 miles in direct contact with a turbulent and

hostile mass of nearly 100,000 men, in fighting mood, whose modern armament was constantly increased by the spoils taken from the Spaniards. They had, moreover, to reckon with a man whose power and prestige had rapidly increased, and whose political and warlike qualities were not to be despised.

It became at once apparent that immediate steps had to be taken to reinforce the front, formerly so calm, in order to protect more surely the great artery from Meknes to Algeria, with the towns which bordered it.

In the centre, the French front stopped on the Ouergha for, except towards the Loukkos on the west, they had never occupied the northern limit of their zone of influence fixed by the Franco-Spanish treaty of 1912.

Beyond the Ouergha some of the tribes, knowing they were in the French zone and suffering from Riffian exactions, called on them for help. There was thus presented an excellent opportunity of pushing farther out the line of posts covering Fez and the railway, and selecting for them good military sites before the power and prestige of Abd-el-Krim was sufficiently established to provoke armed resistance.

By July, 1924, French troops had occupied, without fighting, a line which ran along the crest of the hills on an average of 10 kilometres north of the Ouergha, and had improved their positions near Issoual and Ouezzan.

Only once, on July 25, did a Riffian "harka" attempt invasion by the upper valley of the Leben. It was severely chastised by General Colombat. A little later instead of one and a half battalions, the French, owing to the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, were employing seven and a half battalions to maintain their posts. Lost amid cragged peaks, the little garrisons struggled to construct defensive positions amid rain and snow, which crumbled the walls and destroyed the roofs. In rear the work of reconstituting the area was pushed forward feverishly. The road from Fez to Taounat was completed, as well as another from Fez to the north-west and from Taza to Kifane. A 60 m.m. railway was constructed from Ain Defali towards Mjara, and bridges were thrown over the river by the weak reserves available.

From the beginning of 1925 the situation became ever more threatening. The Spaniards had completed their costly retirement, uncovering the French front as far as the Gharb, and Abd-el-Krim had enriched his forces with a considerable quantity of rifles, machine-guns, field-guns, ammunition and money.

He furthermore murdered Abd-el-Malek, the nephew of the ancient enemy of the French, Abd-el-Kader, by instigating the treachery of his followers. He captured Raisuli with his treasure and arms, and repressed with ferocity a revolt of the Djebelas groaning under his exactions.

By this time his power and prestige had greatly increased. He received subsidies from all parts of the Mussulman world. His policy, however, continued obscure. He entertained European visitors, whom, in the course of conversation he puzzled by his contradictory statements. To some he expressed his love for France, to others he declared "that war would fix his frontiers with the French," to others again, that he would be crowned Sultan at Fez. He reads the Press of the entire world; he understands alike the Italian attitude and English susceptibilities, and he exploits among the tribes the engagement of the French not to enter the Rif.

His activity is great; defensive positions have been constructed along the entire front with routes up to them. An intensive propaganda, accompanied by threats, has been carried out by his agents.

In February he gave a great feast to celebrate the Riffian victory against a European power in order to exhibit his reserves of arms taken from the Spaniards and to display his well-drilled Regulars, hoping thereby to stimulate the pride of his people and reawaken their instinct for pillage.

In view of the altered situation and being well aware that it was necessary at any cost to maintain French prestige among the frontier tribes, who were getting restless, Marshal Lyautey, early in the year, applied for reinforcements from Algeria and the recall of the Colonial Infantry Regiment from France.

At the same time, almost the whole of the confederation of the Beni-Zeroual, situated beyond the French line

of posts, but within their zone of influence, appealed to him for help. As this could not be refused, it was the intention of the French to install, by the middle of May, after the rains, a line of posts for their protection. Furthermore, the French informed Abd-el-Krim, who had threatened to avenge himself on the Beni-Zeroual with fire and sword, that it would be considered an act of war should he cross the frontier.

Unfortunately, however, the plan of operations of the Berber chief had already commenced. On April 15 three strong harkas, 7,000 rifles in all, invaded the territory of the Beni-Zeroual, pillaging and burning, and with their advent the inhabitants fled behind the French lines. On the 21st the main Riffian advance began. On this date a veritable panic took place among the frontier tribes. Knowing the weakness of the French forces and acutely aware that resistance to Abd-el-Krim meant massacre for the men and slavery for the women, some tribes went over, others wavered. The situation at once became grave, and it was essential for the French to restore confidence and gain contact with the posts at the soonest possible moment.

With this object in view operations were undertaken during the last week in April, under General de Chambrun, who commanded the Northern front.

In passing, it is of interest to note the nature of the tactics adopted by Abd-el-Krim. He forces the tribes to revolt and attack the French while ready with his main body to fall upon any who refuse to do so. The combatants are then strengthened by weak Riffian groups, the main body being kept sufficiently far in rear to avoid the risk of a battle which might weaken the prestige of their chief, but sufficiently far forward to exploit a possible success or await the moment for a rush on Fez.

On April 30 the French counter-attack was fully developed. The advance of the Riffians was checked. By May 10, the action of the French had made a visible impression on the tribesmen, and resistance slackened.

The lull in the operations proved most opportune, as early in May, in view of the extension of hostilities, Marshal Lyautey placed in command of the front General of Division Daugan, an experienced Moroccan

campaigner, who seized the opportunity to remodel the system of defence.

It was by now realized that the former system of holding the country north of the Ouergha river with a number of small posts, difficult to provision and weakly garrisoned, was costly both in man-power and energy, as they were being continually cut off by Riffian attacks necessitating repeated operations for their relief.

Daugan proposed to substitute a few strong positions more amply provided with men, material, and munitions, constituting points of resistance, under the protection of which mobile columns could assemble, and so situated as to ensure an easy passage for troops across the Ouergha, while at the same time blocking all routes to Fez.

With the arrival of reinforcements, which brought the strength of the French forces to about 60,000 men, the organization of the higher command was also slightly changed, de Chambrun being placed in charge of the "Lines of Communications," while operations were entrusted to Generals of Brigade Billiote, Colombat, and Cambay, under the direct command of Daugan.

On May 13 the second phase of the campaign may be said to have commenced. Its object was twofold—the relief and withdrawal of garrisons from the small posts and the establishment of strong positions in rear.

Towards the end of May hostilities died down, but early in June the Riffian forces again became active.

It was, however, against the French centre that the chief Riffian effort was directed. Here Abd-el-Krim placed in command his brother, Si Mahomed, whose immediate objective appeared to be Kelaa des Sless and Ain Aicha, from whence roads lead direct to Fez. As a first step to their capture renewed, but unsuccessful, attacks were made on Bibane and Taounat, two of the strong positions established by the French in conformity with their new policy.

Foiled in this, a great effort was made in the Kifane area where, on June 23, a strong harka of three to four thousand tribesmen and Riffs succeeded in cutting the Kifane-Taza road, thereby isolating several French posts. General Cambay at once took the offensive and, on the 27th, chiefly by means of friendly tribes, powerfully

supported by aeroplanes, motor machine-guns, artillery and tanks, here used for the first time, completely restored the situation.

By the end of June the reorganization of the front was practically completed. The withdrawal of the garrisons of the small posts north of the Ouergha had been effected, and large posts, notably those at Bibane, Taounat, and Kifane, firmly established.

What of the future?

That France, through no fault of her own, has been forced into a cruel position, no one will deny. At a time when she desires peace she has been driven into war, and when she is desirous, above all else, to curtail expenditure, she is obliged to dispense money on a costly campaign.

The international political situation has probably influenced the tactics of her generals as, for the time being, an offensive on a large scale would appear to have been renounced. This, Abd-el-Krim is too astute not to have realized, and he boldly assures the tribes that it is "fear," not the political situation, that deters the French from crossing his frontier. Such propaganda is seldom entirely without effect.

He will make a great mistake, however, should he presume too far. The French have no intention whatever of surrendering one yard of their soil. They could not do so without endangering the great work of civilization carried out by their soldiers, engineers, and colonists, and they are well aware that a weak handling of the situation would result in loss of prestige and severe repercussions throughout North Africa and, indeed, the whole Mohammedan world.

"Pourparlers" in Madrid have already resulted in an arrangement whereby the Riffian coast is to be blockaded by French and Spanish ships and mutual action taken by their aeroplanes. This is all to the good, and the French are confident that they can hold their present positions, retain the allegiance of the tribes behind their front, beat off all attacks, and, taking heavy toll by immediate counter-offensives, will wear down Abd-el-Krim in time. He is far too astute a man to continue fighting when he knows his "bolt is shot." Let him once be assured of that and peace will come.

The New Outlook in the Mediterranean

By Codex

THE return of our Battle Fleet to its historic base at Malta after an absence of many years has attracted more attention and comment in the French and Italian Press than in British papers. Here, the Singapore controversy has monopolized interest, and the Mediterranean has been regarded from the viewpoint of its importance as an advanced position in case of trouble in the East, rather than for any intrinsic strategic or political problems of its own. Yet this central artery of the Empire, so direct and so obviously important, is the only one which runs through a comparatively narrow defile, encompassed on both sides by the possessions of two first-class Powers. Its naval problems are, therefore, at least as difficult and urgent as are the naval problems of the Far East, and they, too, have not been lessened but increased by the development of new weapons. And, lastly, it is in Mediterranean lands that the general naval outlook has been most greatly altered since 1914 by far-reaching political changes which are worthy of consideration.

POLITICAL CHANGES AND TENDENCIES SINCE 1914 IN MEDITERRANEAN LANDS

Politically, the year 1914 found the British Empire firmly established in Egypt, though nominally under the suzerainty of Turkey. Discontent with our rule and aspirations towards complete independence were still confined to a few. The blessed word "self-determination" and the phrase "the rights of small nations" had not yet become the current coin of politicians. The Mohammedan world, on the whole, was well disposed towards the British Empire, and this, too, reacted on the security of our foothold in Egypt and our hold on the Suez Canal. Malta was a Crown Colony with a slight measure of legislative power in local affairs. Italy had recently finished her war with Turkey, had taken Tripoli and was

disorganized, seriously in debt, and preoccupied almost completely with her own internal questions, and the development of the coastal strip of her new colony. Her chief military anxiety was her northern frontier, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Trentino. France was united to us by a strong *entente*, and was concerned mainly with her eastern border, though she was beginning to find pride and a commercial value in her African colonies on the Mediterranean. The entrance to the Mediterranean was securely in our hands by the possession of Gibraltar, the only competitor to this as a strategical position being Tangier, which, with an area of 250 square miles round it, was under international government, a form of control that prevented any type of development, commercial, military, or even sanitary.

The year 1925 presents a different picture. Egypt, no longer a comparatively subject country, but an independent kingdom occupied temporarily by a British force, cannot still be regarded as a secure part of British territory. The Mohammedan world now regards us with unfriendly eyes, and the semi-British occupation of Palestine in no sense strengthens our position in the Mediterranean. Malta has achieved a form of dominion status, and an agitation has been sedulously fostered on the Island and in the Italian Press for its union with Italy. Italy finds her traditional competitors and enemies in the Austro-Hungarian Empire past history, and her northern frontier is now as secure as the Alps can make it with the acquisition of the Trentino. Her naval problem in the Adriatic has vanished also, and the old Austrian naval base of Pola and the town of Fiume are in her hands. Financially, her position is not better than in 1914, but politically, she is under a strong Government of the type traditional to Italy and Imperial Rome, a Dictatorship, and relieved of an Austrian menace, she is showing a more consistent and definite interest in the extension of her African colonies and the strengthening of her position in the Mediterranean. France is relieved of a great deal of anxiety with regard to Germany and has turned much of her attention to her Mediterranean colonies and the development and transport of the products of Equatorial Africa to France. To relieve

completely her anxiety in Europe she wants not merely material, but men, and seeks to redress the shortage of her white population by utilizing black troops from French West and Equatorial Africa. Hence arise plans for the development of her ports on the Mediterranean and the building of a trans-Saharan line from Oran to a great junction at Waghadugu in the most populous part of French West Africa, and branch lines thence to Dakar, Konakry, Bingerville and Kotanu, ports in French territory on the Atlantic coast of Africa. This leads to a desire on the part of France for security in moving these troops and supplies across the Mediterranean, which will be not merely comparative but absolute. Her position has been strengthened, also, by the new arrangement with regard to Tangier made at the end of 1923, by which that territory is placed under the control of a committee of resident consuls and an assembly which contains representatives of ten nations. France and Spain are given the right to pass troops through the port, and France in particular is placed in a predominant position. The policy adopted with regard to this possible competitor of Gibraltar will be a matter of grave importance to us in the future, not merely from the strategic point of view, but also from that of trade. Tangier harbour at present is little more than open roadstead. An expenditure of £30,000,000 would be required to make it suitable as a great port of call. It possesses, however, two important advantages denied to Gibraltar. It is placed at the actual junction of the Mediterranean and Atlantic, convenient to routes on both seas, it has room for naval and air expansion, and is the port for a considerable and increasing local trade.

And finally, the recent series of Spanish retreats in the Rif raises once again the question of Ceuta. As long as that position, the other pillar of the gateway to the Mediterranean, is under a weak Spanish control, it is not likely to be developed into a strategic or commercial rival of Gibraltar. Its potentialities, however, must not be overlooked—a deep harbour, a site less restricted than the Rock and even less likely to succumb to attack from sea or land if adequately defended, and a hinterland whose productive possibilities only require to be developed and

protected by a strong government. So great are these various potentialities that the strength of Gibraltar at present largely depends on the weakness of the Power occupying Ceuta. Should Spain, as is quite conceivable, abandon or retire completely from the Rif, French influence would almost inevitably be extended over that part of Morocco, and the possession of Ceuta would become a political question of the first magnitude.

Altogether, the ten years which have passed between our two pictures have greatly increased the power and security of France and Italy, and their aspirations towards a control of the Mediterranean; while British power and prestige appear to be hardly so great on its shores, and an unknown quantity on its waters. The attitude of France and Italy to our position is commonly that adumbrated recently by the *Messaggero*, a moderate Italian journal said to be in close touch with the Italian Foreign Office: "The Mediterranean is not an English sea. Indeed, the recognition of the independence of Egypt has diminished the British title to be present in it at all, except as the British high-road to India."

Naval Tendencies

A comparison of naval strengths within the Mediterranean in 1914 and 1924 would be of no practical value for two reasons: first, because the British fleet, by arrangement with our ally, France, was then in home waters in view of a possible attack on the heart of the Empire; and, secondly, because the Austro-Hungarian fleet has now ceased to exist, and its naval base in the Adriatic is an Italian possession. But a brief note on certain theories of naval warfare, almost universally held in 1914, and frequently quoted as the fundamental axioms or principles of naval doctrine is desirable, in so far as they may throw light on naval problems in the Mediterranean. These two theories were generally expressed as follows:—

(1) *The sea is continuous, and a victory at one point is a victory everywhere.* This was interpreted to mean that if we won a great naval battle in the North Sea we would *ipso facto* be supreme in the Mediterranean. It was the fruit of our experiences in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A Trafalgar off the coast of Spain

could open all seas to us, and close them to our enemies. A decisive Jutland might in the same way open the Baltic, and make it possible for us to land forces even on Belgian or German shores. The assumption beneath the statement was, of course, that the massed naval forces of both sides could, and would, meet in one tremendous battle, so that one was irretrievably shattered—an ideal again expressed in the second statement.

(2) *The function of a fleet is to seek out the opposing fleet and destroy it, or at least blockade it in its harbours.*

Both these statements, so frequently called "principles" of naval warfare, were found during the Great War to be completely out of touch with reality. In practice the great naval engagement which should have rendered the seas secure could not be fought, because it takes two parties to make a battle, and such a battle would appear undesirable to the weaker party. They would retire with all speed behind a protective screen of submarines into a locality strongly defended by minefields rather than risk a great engagement. They could not be attacked; they could not be blockaded owing to submarine activity, unless "blockade" has a meaning so wide that it conveys practically nothing. The battle of Jutland did not produce even a nominal blockade of this type, for the German High Seas Fleet was not forced thereby to remain in its ports, but, as Sir Julian Corbett tells us, came out frequently. And, lastly, submarines, the mainspring of the German fleet, could not be met or attacked in mass formation, or brought to a pitched battle at all. In the same way, in practice also, the sea was not continuous. Parts of the North Sea were definitely British, parts were definitely German, and parts were No Man's Land. The Baltic was as German as the Irish Channel was British. The Adriatic for a time was Austrian, though the Mediterranean was under Allied control. It is unnecessary to labour this point further, but its bearing on the Mediterranean problem should be noticed. A British naval victory, even though very complete, in the Atlantic or North Sea or English Channel would not in future wars mean necessarily that the Mediterranean would be open to our ships thereafter.

The so-called principles, then, failed, because they were not principles at all, but merely deductions made from the general function of a naval force. That general function is two-fold—to protect the movements of one's own shipping, or of friendly shipping, so that supplies, material, or men can be moved by sea from any point to any other point, and to prevent any movement of enemy shipping. Before the submarine became a proved naval weapon this two-fold function of protection and prevention could be accomplished by the larger or more efficient fleet seeking out the enemy and destroying him utterly or blockading him in his own ports. When that was accomplished the sea was continuous and an open high road for the winner. But no longer generally can that be the case, and the function of our Navy must now be interpreted in the light of the new weapons of under the sea and over the sea.

The Geography of the Naval Problem of the Mediterranean in Regard to Submarine Warfare

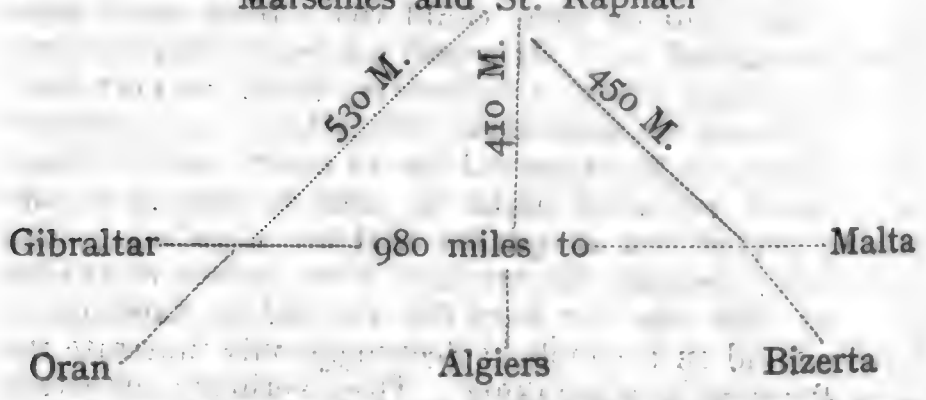
Stated in its shortest terms, the function of our naval forces in the Mediterranean in case of a war between ourselves and any great European Power, such as France or Italy, would be the protection of the movement of British men or material through that sea, and the prevention of all enemy movement. The French naval problem, if they were hostile to us, would be similar—to protect their own lines of communication across the sea and at the same time to break ours between Gibraltar and Malta. How, from their point of view, could that object most effectively be carried out? It would not be by attacking our important land positions, Gibraltar, Malta, or Port Said. Land positions are notoriously difficult to attack from the sea. They can be protected by an outer zone of mines which must be swept under so great a menace of submarine attack and of gunfire that an operation of this type would generally be suicidal. Port Arthur was taken from the land side, not from the sea, and our landings at Gallipoli and on the mole at Zeebrugge only illustrate the difficulty of such undertakings. The severing of our artery could more economically be attempted by a use of submarine and mining activities, aided by aircraft. Pitched

naval battles on the grand scale need not then be fought, but the warfare would consist of nibbling instead of swallowing.

In this connection, the geography of the Mediterranean is of interest.

(1) It is a long, narrow sea, 2,000 miles in length by 400 miles in width on the average. In reality it is two seas, the Western and Eastern Mediterranean, with a narrow gateway from one to the other, between Sicily and Cape Bon, behind which is situated Malta as a sentinel. In a contest with France or Italy, the Western Mediterranean would obviously be the more immediately important to us, and we can take its length from Gibraltar to Malta as approximately 1,000 miles and its average breadth as 450 miles. Because it is a narrow sea, our shipping routes from Gibraltar to Malta are definite and easy to find. Now, susceptibility to submarine attack depends not merely on the distance to be traversed by shipping, but on the variety of routes which can be taken. A submarine, hunting for shipping on an open ocean, has less chance of attaining its object than a submarine working a congested route. Thus, our route from Gibraltar to Malta, being like Euclid's definition of a line, "length without breadth," is more vulnerable than the routes from France or Italy to Africa, which are short (450 miles) and have greater possibilities of variation.

(2) This is more apparent if we compare the positions of British and French naval stations in the diagram :—



It may be noticed, further, that the direct route from Gibraltar to Malta cuts the direct French routes less than

100 miles from the African coast, and that the French submarine base at Oran lies at a part of the Mediterranean where the breadth (to Cartagena) is only 115 miles, so that it is admirably placed as a position from which to launch submarine attacks against shipping entering or leaving the Straits of Gibraltar. Oran, indeed, bears the same relation to the Straits of Gibraltar as Ostend and Zeebrugge did to the Dover Gateway.

(3) The depth of the Mediterranean has a bearing on the situation also. This is clear when we consider the methods employed with success against the submarine during the recent war. They fell under various heads :—

(*a*) Means employed for detection, e.g. listening apparatus, aircraft.
(*b*) Means employed for surprise and destruction, e.g. Q ships.
(*c*) Means employed for protection of shipping against submarines, e.g. camouflage and convoys.
(*d*) Means employed to limit the movements of submarines, e.g. minefields and netting.

Of these probably the most important is the anti-submarine minefield or barrage. It aims at compelling the submarine to dive and pass under an obstacle of considerable width, so that its batteries become exhausted, and if attacked when it emerges the submarine may not be in a position to dive again. But anti-submarine minefields can only be sown satisfactorily in comparatively shallow waters such as those of the Continental shelf round Great Britain. Even there difficulty was experienced owing to comparatively great depths. This was particularly the case in the construction of the immense northern barrage, completed in October, 1918, by the American and British Navies and extending across the 240 miles from the Orkneys to Norway. The chief difficulty lay in a deep gut some sixty miles wide, on the Norwegian side, where the depths ran to 150 fathoms.

What, then, of the Mediterranean, which is a sea with the great *average* depth of 880 fathoms, or about six times that of the stretch in the North Sea which gave so much difficulty ? It is much too deep to permit the laying of a barrage except near the coast lines of Europe or Africa, and in one other important area. This area is that part where a bridge, now submerged, existed between Italy and Africa. It lies between Sicily and Cape Bon, is known

as Adventure Bank, and has an average depth of 100 fathoms, and would appear to be a suitable locality for a barrage to narrow operations to the Western Mediterranean and to act as a strong defensive screen for Malta.

Depth, on the other hand, occasionally appears to operate against the submarine when pursued. Where the water is shallow it can retire to the bottom, save its batteries, and come up after nightfall. The great depth of the Mediterranean for the most part would prevent this, and if consistently pursued the submarine must run under water on its batteries and perhaps come up eventually when they are exhausted, to be attacked.

(4) Two other factors which militate against the submarine must be stated. They are the tideless nature of the sea, which permits mines to remain in position, and the clearness of the water, which gives the air patrols better opportunities for detection.

The geographical factors can thus be summed up, but what conclusion do they lead to? Some indication may be obtained from the history of submarine activities in the Mediterranean during the war. A few figures are sufficient. The largest number of enemy submarines present at any time appears to have been less than ten. They were confronted by most of the assembled power of the French and Italian navies, and a considerable British fleet as well. They were far from their bases in Belgium or at Pola. Yet our Dardanelles operations were hampered by apprehension of submarine attack, and towards the end of 1917 we were losing ships in the Mediterranean to the tune of 150,000 tons a month. So serious was the position that the Admiralty held a special consultation at Malta, a convoy system was introduced, and the Otranto barrage was established across the entrance to the Adriatic. Even then we lost an average of forty-three ships a month in July, August, and September, 1918, a large number, considering the few enemy submarines concerned and their distances from secure bases. Figures of this character are, no doubt, a dangerous foundation for dogmatic conclusions, but they at least present a strong confirmation of the root of this argument—the peculiar suitability of the Mediterranean for submarine activity. They suggest forcibly how much greater that

activity might be if the enemy bases were in France or Italy or along the northern coast of Africa. And lastly, they confirm the logic of French policy in objecting to any limitation of submarines at the Washington Conference and in concentrating on this arm, as well as on aircraft, for these are the weapons which can most effectively shut the Mediterranean to us in time of war.*

When the present French and Italian submarine programmes are completed our comfortable security in the Mediterranean, based on naval supremacy, may have diminished to an uncertain quantity, after existing for over one hundred years. Security is no longer to be obtained in time of war by a new Trafalgar or a greater blockade of Toulon. It can only be retained by keeping a clear view of the real two-fold function of the British Navy, protection and prevention, with its present-day implications.

What is the minimum which this implies? Protection demands an increase in our strength of light cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers to secure all necessary movements through the Mediterranean in time of war. This strength must be so great that there would be no shortage of these vessels for other duties. In this connection, it may be noticed that the convoying of supplies for Malta alone, if the Mediterranean Fleet continued to use that position as its base, would require a considerable force. Protection also demands the expansion of our air base at Malta (now only sufficient for one squadron), and also the development of aircraft with a sufficient radius of movement to patrol the extensive lines of communication. And lastly, prevention of hostile movement demands the possession of an increased submarine force sufficient to stop the movement of enemy supplies or troops to and from Africa or any other part of the Mediterranean. Below this irreducible minimum there cannot be security, and without security in the central artery there cannot be prestige or strength in European affairs.

* The present position with regard to submarine power is as follows:—

	Built.	Building.	Projects.	Total.
Great Britain ..	60	7	0	67
France	42	13	47	102
Italy	43	4	16	63

Doubts of a Young Conservative

By William F. Gray

IGNORING the Liberal Party as a relic of the past, and having come to the conclusion that Socialism is too closely allied to Communism to be of any constructive benefit to this country, I find that Conservatism embodies many principles that appeal to a loyal and practical citizen. Of course, no Party is perfect, and during the short period since I became interested in politics I find many aspects of the Conservative Party that require a little defending. The first and chief fault which discourages me, certainly not in the Party as a whole, is in the attitude of a large number of people who call themselves Conservatives but who, in their social relations with other men, do not show any of that humaneness which Conservatism boasts.

We are all familiar with the class of person I refer to. We meet them at our local associations and we read their letters in the Press. They are Tories from birth and look upon their Party and everything for which that Party stands as absolutely perfect. All legislation that is effected by Conservatives is right, and they look upon those who differ from them in political opinion as fools. Having everything that goes to make for material comfort, their happy environment allows them to remain content in the idea that there are no evils or inequalities in the system under which they live; consequently their nature bears a distinct tinge of snobbery and they have nothing but contempt for anyone less fortunate than themselves. Their idea of the capitalist system is that everyone should grab what he can, and they believe that those left in the gutter are there because of their own folly and should stay there.

Mr. Roy Nixon, in the June issue, states that as the father is responsible for bringing children into the world he alone is responsible for their well-being and education, and that the State has no duty to provide education and social welfare for the children if the father is unable to

pay for it. I refer to this statement simply because it is typical of those I have heard time and again expressed by Conservatives at meetings and in the Press.

I regret the existence of this class of Conservative because, judging by my own doubts, I am sure that they are responsible for turning many working people over to the Socialist Party, and I hold them just as responsible as the Communists for the class prejudice created in the minds of the working classes. They may be staunch Conservatives, but they are totally ignorant of the principles of that inspiring Conservatism of Disraeli, who has handed down to his followers the maxim that "Conservatism is a contract to preserve all that is best in our national character of sober sense and heritage." Surely that means the betterment of the conditions of the people, clearing away the ugliness surrounding the lives of the poor, and providing them with decent houses and security against destitution? Does it not mean also giving to their children the education that will enable them to take their place in life, teaching them independence of State aid, and the rights of true citizenship, so that they will realize their duty to the community and answer the call of their country when that call is issued? Yet to talk to these un-Conservative Conservatives about these things is to be condemned as a Socialist. To tell them that the capitalist system still leaves a wide gulf between rich and poor, and that the State should interfere when vested interests result in the people being exploited in the necessities of life, is to be labelled as an advocate of nationalization.

They belabour the working-men trade unionists, and forget that unions came into existence as a result of the tyranny of the owning class. They blame the working men for the present industrial depression, talk about them not doing their duty to the community, and being quite content to live idle lives on doles provided by the taxpayers. Yet to point out to them that the employers cannot be held altogether blameless for our industrial chaos, that in face of the wealth some of them seem to be amassing, even now, out of food and housing, the workers are not the only ones with little sense of their duty to the

community, and that there are idlers in other sections of society, is to be stigmatized as a revolutionist.

I may seem to be exaggerating and a little hard on these Conservatives, but I contend that the Party is full of them, every bit as black as I have painted them. I am expressing my doubts, and the existence of such views as I have referred to amongst professing Conservatives discourages young people very much.

A Reply

By the Hon. Charles Rhys, M.P.

I HAVE been much interested in reading Mr. William Gray's article on his doubts, and have a good deal of sympathy with him. But I cannot help the impression that, in spite of his obvious desire to the contrary, he has allowed himself to be carried away by the feelings caused by a very few people. Let us examine the position with him a little further.

It is quite evident that no two people are alike, also that comparatively few Conservatives are like those described in the above article, although Mr. Gray seems to have had the misfortune to have met some of them. But have they any power or influence in the Party as a whole? If we examine the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, I do not believe there is one of them who could be said to answer the description given by Mr. Gray of some members of the Party.

I would suggest that the guiding star of Conservatism is still that of Disraeli—"Conservatism is a contract to preserve all that is best in our national character of sober sense and heritage." But does Mr. Gray suggest that when those words were spoken there were no such people as he describes, and that they are all of recent growth?

The Conservative Party is big enough and generous enough to embrace all sorts and kinds of people, but it will be found that the men who rise to the top are those who show the greatest ability to carry out the ideal of Disraeli. The Party is so successful because as a whole it stands for comradeship of all classes, and does not, as

the Socialist appears to wish, limit the expression to comradeship of one class alone. It seems to me, also, that the spirit of independence is one that is essentially English, and this is embodied in the Conservative Party. Is not a man who starts life with a street barrow, who makes a little money out of it, who then starts a little shop, and so gradually increases his means until he has a large emporium, really an asset to the community? He provides not only employment for hundreds, but a revenue for the State to carry on the essential services. Under a Socialistic State this would be impossible, for human nature fundamentally only works in order to improve its position. Take away that incentive and a man will no longer put so much energy into what he has on hand.

Let me take another point in the article to which I am replying. It is stated therein, that "all legislation that is effected by Conservatives is right, and they look upon those who differ from them in political opinions as fools"; it is also stated that many Conservatives consider that the State has no obligation towards social services of any description. But these very same people are supporting a Government under which no less a sum than £169,000,000 per annum is contributed by the Country towards what is called the social services. Whether or no there is a growing tendency to lean on the State, and whether or no this tendency is a healthy one, is a question too big to argue within the scope of this article, but it is a fundamental truth that the State is made up of the citizens who compose it, and therefore can be no better or no worse than its citizens. If the race is healthy, self-reliant and hard-working, then will the country prosper, but if the race is shiftless, idle, and purely pleasure seeking, then must the end surely come. We have but to look at the Roman Empire to find a parallel. The Roman legions spread over the then known world and introduced law, order, and good government into their dependencies. But there came the time when the legions in foreign parts were no longer recruited from Rome, but were made up of the natives of the particular place where the legion was stationed. while the Cæsars provided diversions for the populace to keep

them quiet. In other words, the Roman people became degenerate, and so the Roman empire perished. Let us beware of allowing the race to cease to help itself and of falling back always on the State.

Mr. Gray is much mistaken if he imagines that the Conservative Party is always on the side of the employer, and holds that the present industrial depression is entirely due to the workers. We hold no brief for the bad employer; it is our duty to prevent exploitation of the people by trusts and vested interests, while allowing a reasonable profit to replace capital that is wasted. Fresh capital must always be created; it is like snow melting and soaking into the ground or filling the streams, all of which is of inestimable benefit to Nature and her works, but in time that benefit is exhausted, and fresh water or snow is needed lest the fertility of the particular locality should cease. So it is with industry, which in this country is founded on credit. Capital and credit must run hand in hand, and it is for this reason Conservatism believes that in resisting "ill"-considered financial expedients it is safeguarding the interests of the people of the country, whether they know it or not. Our very food supplies depend upon it. Let the reader take a drive through the East end of London, where countless thousands live; let him envisage the hundreds of streets and ponder over the fact that food must reach these areas, that there is sufficient food for the people, and that it is provided by the capitalist system.

These are all large problems of national welfare and existence, which call to be dealt with by men of sane judgment and ripe experience, backed by the large element of young Conservatives in Parliament, and which far outweigh the more petty considerations that very naturally leap to Mr. Gray's mind. But I hope he will realize that, without the overwhelming support of all classes in the country, the Conservative Party would not now have a majority of over 200; all of which goes to prove that in our policy and leaders we do reflect the true national character and national aspirations.

How I Became Longsighted

By Georges Clemenceau

I was reading quietly in my study when the servant announced "Monsieur Magnier." I thought I had the honour of a visit from the Editor of "l'Événement," and I ordered the visitor to be brought in.

The door opened, and behold! on the threshold there appeared a handsome old man, fresh and rosy, with an urbanity tempered by an air of benevolent superiority. The gentleman was unknown to me. White whiskers, grey eyes sparkling with life, a spotless shirt-front, an ample frock-coat, predisposed one in his favour. He vaguely suggested some exotic diplomat who happened to be on a mission to France in order to inquire into the state of public opinion. A young man accompanied my visitor, presumably his private secretary.

The stranger came forward and gave me a genial smile.

"I shall ask permission," he said in a familiar tone, "to keep on my hat, for there is nothing I am so much afraid of as a bad cold."

Before I had time to reply, a top hat, broad-brimmed, was planted with deliberation on the polished pate of my visitor. He sat down still with the same kindly smile of condescension. He was obviously anxious to put me at my ease. My face probably did show some expression of surprise. I was waiting for him to speak.

"Sir," he began, "first of all I must thank you for kindly receiving me. I am not at all surprised that you should. When a servant announces Mr. Mayer, everyone knows what such a name signifies."

The slight movement of surprise, which I could not repress, did not escape my visitor.

"I can tell from your gesture that you know me," he continued, with a slight inflection of modesty. "I was sure of it. General Baron de X and Marchioness de Z only this morning were reminding me that I am the best-known man in Paris. But I have said enough about

myself. It is yourself I am thinking of. It is such a long time ago since I wanted to know you. All your friends told me, 'Just go and see him. He is charming. He will simply be delighted to have a chat with you.' Only, you understand, I am a very busy man. Forgive me if I was not able to come sooner."

I felt quite inclined to forgive the surprising visitor, when suddenly he burst out, with a tone of the most affectionate interest:

"Now let us see. Tell me the whole truth. How do you feel?"

Absolutely staggered, without even realizing the meaning of my words, I stupidly replied, "But I am very well, I thank you."

"Ah! sir," my new friend exclaimed, with a beaming countenance, "how glad I am to hear you say so yourself. You know that the health of a man like yourself is precious to France. It is a blessing that you should be in good health. Husband your strength. I am sure that you work too hard. We are in need of you."

Perplexed, aghast, I listened to this torrent of words, supposing that there was a mistake somewhere, and waiting for the end of the adventure.

Meanwhile the affable old man, his countenance illumined with the joy he felt at the good news which I told him about my state of health, went on without noticing my stupefaction.

"I am going to tell you something. What you have to take care of first of all is your sight. There is nothing quite so precious. How can you work with bad eyesight or with defective eyeglasses? You will soon be fifty years of age. Your sight is bound to get weaker. Be quite outspoken. Is there nothing wrong with your eyesight?"

The fact is, that my sight had been getting slightly weaker for the last few months, but my visitor was beginning to irritate me. I therefore got up and replied curtly:

"No, nothing. I see very well."

"Ah! so much the better," replied the obstinate talker, who remained calmly glued to his chair. "Well, as you have such good eyesight, just look at this master-

piece of the printer's craft," and, taking off his gloves, he pushed under my nose the most dainty little "Elzevir" in an exquisite old binding.

I had scarcely opened the volume when my visitor, arising from his chair, put his hand on my arm and, with an accent of affectionate reproof, "Ah! I thought so. You did deceive me. That is not right. I would not have expected it of you. You tell me that your eyesight is good and the distance at which you place my book in order to be able to read its characters proves to me that you are longsighted, frightfully longsighted. Your crystalline is simply flattening down. It is high time we should intervene. Yes; how wrong it was to deceive me!"

I felt as flat as my crystalline, and quite ashamed to have deceived the trust of so kind a friend.

I do not know what words I might have found by way of apology, but I had no chance to speak. My visitor had already placed a rule before my eyes, and before I was allowed time to realize what was happening my visual distance had been measured and the proof of my deceitfulness had been scientifically established.

"No. 2314," the old man said, in a voice of command to his private secretary, who had been keeping so quiet that I had entirely forgotten his presence.

These words had hardly been uttered when the young man took up a flat box, which he had deposited on the floor on his arrival, unfolded under my dazzled eyes what seemed to be the leaves of an interminable screen, sparkling with the lustre of glasses whose reflection filled the room with a moving light.

I was too crushed to speak. I was surrendering miserably. My dictatorial benefactor, unwilling to abuse his victory, and treating me like a lifeless object, without saying one word fixed an eyeglass on my nose.

Behold, O miracle! I was able to read the "Elzevir" without any fatigue. The characters stood out with admirable neatness. The veil which for some time had been dimming my eyesight without my being conscious of it had just been removed. I could not disguise my content, but my generous friend was modest in his triumph.

"Those glasses cannot be found in the market," he

said, "for I am manufacturing them myself. I spent one-half of my life in calculating their thickness and their curve. They are priceless, for in contrast with all others they do not fatigue the eye. It is a revolution which I achieved. I may claim to be a benefactor to mankind. Your gratitude for the service which I am rendering to you will increase as you get older. I can prophesy confidently, you will never forget Mr. Mayer."

In truth this extraordinary character had indeed rendered me a service, and I could not disguise my satisfaction.

"I must leave you," he exclaimed suddenly. "You are pleased with me, that is all I want. I have to perform an operation on Colonel V——. He is waiting for me."

It would have been very selfish of me to keep the Colonel waiting.

Mr. Mayer, who had not removed his hat, touched it with his right hand, and, pointing to the eyeglasses left on the corner of the table, concluded in an absent-minded way:

"That will only be forty francs."

"What! Never!" I replied, recovering my lost energy, "That is twice too much."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Mayer replied, "I know better than you do how much those glasses cost me, as I have to make them. I alone, do you understand? I thought you would have been incapable of arguing about such trivial matters, after I have rendered you one of those services——"

He did not finish his sentence. He was obviously pained at my meanness, and his mercy was sparing me. I was getting ashamed of my protest. He made a gesture of wounded benevolence and said in a low voice;

"Make haste, give me thirty francs, and I go."

Ever since that day I have become longsighted.

Shall I add that, happening one day to break one of Mr. Mayer's glasses, I had it very adequately replaced for the sum of two francs.

O Semites! whom people insist on abusing, is there an Aryan who would ever be capable of imitating you?

Democracy or Empire

By F. A. W. Gisborne

THERE seem to be periods of political convulsion in the world's history corresponding, within certain limitations, to those intervals of violent physical disturbances which are familiar to all students of geology. Such a period began about a century and a half ago, and was introduced by the volcanic revolt of the masses in France against the old monarchical régime, quickly followed by a long series of wars, in the course of which kingdoms, principalities, and republics appeared and disappeared like bubbles on a mountain torrent. Exhausted by the paroxysms which attended and followed the French Revolution, Europe, after the night of Waterloo, sank back into a long repose interrupted only by the transient outbreaks which marked the year 1848. The conflict that occurred twenty-two years later between France and Prussia once more rekindled the revolutionary fires, which quickly consumed the flimsy empire of the last Napoleon, and established in its stead the third French Republic. Almost concurrently political changes of a far-reaching kind occurred in Italy. Finally, in the course of the four fateful years during which the hegemony of Europe, if not of the world, was in dispute on the battlefields of France, the spirit of popular discontent again broke loose, and extended its devastating activities to countries where, till then, it had been sternly repressed. Across the wide plains of Russia the revolutionary frenzy swept like a prairie fire, leaving a reddened waste behind it. The last of the great autocracies of Europe perished in the flames of Communism, and the blended doctrines of Marx and Rousseau were enforced throughout the former domains of the Tsars with all the ferocity of a blind fanaticism.

The political changes that have occurred throughout the world only within the last sixty years are, indeed, astounding. No previous period of similar duration within the historical era has seen such extraordinary transformations. Not only in Europe have ancient monarchies and empires been struck down, but Asia also has succumbed before the march of conquering democracy. Crowns have been displaced by red caps all over

the Continent. For the first time in the course of thousands of years Persia and China have adopted the forms of popular government, and proclaimed themselves republics. Powerful, or at least extremely noisy and obtrusive, factions in India and Egypt are striving to obtain similar questionable benefits for both those countries. More than half Europe has now adopted, in name at all events, the republican form of government; even in Turkey where, as in ancient Egypt, monarchy and theocracy had long jointly wielded uncontrolled power, the new and intoxicating wine has burst the old bottles. In Asia the monarchical principle now survives only in Japan, Afghanistan, and Siam. When, in 1889, the last Emperor of Brazil abdicated, and retired to Portugal, it was entirely extinguished in the New World. And, it may be added, in all but name the republican form of government prevails in every self-governing province of the British Empire. Great Britain, certainly, still retains the external forms of monarchy; but ever since the passage of the Parliament Act early in 1911 the popular Chamber of the Legislature there has exercised complete control over the National policy.

It were unprofitable to consider the question as to whether or not the momentous changes just summarized will prove enduring. Sceptical observers might point out that the most rapid military conquests, like those of Alexander, Jenghiz Khan, and Napoleon, have always proved ephemeral, and they might suggest that political triumphs gained with similar ease will probably prove equally short-lived. It is at least permissible to doubt whether the Oriental mind will become permanently infected with the delirium called politics, or whether the vast populations of the East will, at short intervals, during the coming centuries abandon for a time the labours necessary for their subsistence to dance to the discordant melodies of multitudes of political pipers. A General Election under universal suffrage in China or India suggests possibilities even more amusing than the realities it usually provides in countries that pride themselves on their superior enlightenment. The attractive realm of conjecture, however, will be avoided. What more deeply interests every patriotic British citizen to-day

is the question—how is the world-wide extension of the democratic spirit likely to affect the unity and the stability of the British Empire? In other words, is democracy compatible with the maintenance of lasting union and widespread dominion?

It must be admitted that past experience does not afford much encouragement to British Imperialists. As a rule, the lessons of history are negative rather than positive. No democracy of antiquity succeeded in retaining its foreign possessions for any length of time. The Athenian colonies quickly became independent republics. Democratic Athens herself was vanquished, first by aristocratic Sparta, and afterwards by the despot of Macedonia. The expansion of Rome occurred chiefly during two periods, firstly that of aristocratic, and afterwards that of Imperial rule. Republican France, certainly, during the last half-century has succeeded in winning, and so far retaining, a great colonial Empire, but this may be ascribed mainly to the fact that she has invariably reserved democratic methods of government for home use, and has employed bureaucratic methods abroad. In her discouragement of political agitation in Algeria, Tunis, and other of her possessions she has shown, many are disposed to think, greater wisdom than has been exhibited by recent British Governments in their attitude towards the political firebrands who have of late years been so busy in India and Egypt. For the Frenchman is by nature a disciplinarian. He detests disorder, and shows no indulgence towards the professional agitator. With that unwholesome offspring of ignorance and benevolence known as sentimentalism he has no sympathy whatever. We can imagine what the attitude of the French administration in Algeria would be towards a Gandhi or a Zaghlul. The secret of the comparative stability of French rule in Africa and Asia may be found in the temperamental characteristics of the French people. Perhaps their administrative methods are somewhat too rigid, just as those now favoured by British Governments are decidedly too lax. Nevertheless Great Britain might well follow to a certain extent the example of caution in introducing innovations set by France, bearing in mind that what is meat for the European may be poison for the African or Asiatic.

Much has been written about democracy, and it is singular that, as a form of government, scarcely a word has been said in its favour by any recognized political philosopher from the days of Socrates and Aristotle to those of Burke and Mill. Quotations from the works of famous writers condemnatory of what is commonly, though falsely, called "popular" government based on universal franchise might be multiplied. Blackstone, in the introduction to his "Commentaries," stated that of the three chief forms of government, monarchy was distinguished by strength, aristocracy by wisdom, and democracy only by honesty of purpose. What the latter, when lacking the necessary guidance of knowledge and sound judgment, usually leads to Dr. Johnson's blunt saying reminds us. And it is significant that, in the political sphere, even so strong a believer in "the rights of man" (Burke dealt effectively with the latter seductive phrase in his "Reflections") as Rousseau practically admitted its truth. "De lui-même le peuple veut toujours le bien," he remarks in the "Contrat Social," "mais de lui-même il ne le voit pas toujours." In other words, blindness is apt to be misled by ambition and roguery. The accepted counsellors of Demos are frequently men similar to those whose advice Rehoboam followed with such unfortunate results. "Democracy," Sir Henry Maine observed with truth in his "Popular Government," "is monarchy inverted, and the modes of addressing the multitude are the same as the modes of addressing kings." Only, perhaps a cynic might add, the mob leader is more contemptuous of the restraints of grammar than his more polished brother at the royal court. It is odd, by the way, to find the Radical, Mill, implying agreement with the opinion of the eminent jurist before quoted. In the sixth chapter of his "Representative Government," he writes: "The governments which have been remarkable in history for sustained mental ability and vigour in the conduct of affairs have generally been aristocracies." The truth of the remark cannot be challenged, and the Roman Senate, the first of ancient aristocracies, in its great days fully merited the magnificent eulogium of Mommsen as "the noblest embodiment of the nation, and in consistency and political sagacity, in unanimity and patriotism, in grasp

of power and unwavering courage, the foremost political corporation of all times."*

Theoretically, a combination of monarchy and aristocracy, of strength and wisdom, represents the ideal form of government. For true wisdom comprehends virtue. In practice, such a form of government existed in England during a large part of the period intervening between the accession of Elizabeth and that of Victoria, a period distinguished by great achievements in the realms of discovery, colonization and Empire-building. Queen Elizabeth's Council represented a model aristocracy. Absolute monarchies, of course, are too unstable for permanence. They place the destinies of nations entirely at the mercy of chance. Any year a Theodosius may be succeeded by a Honorius, or a Henry V by a Henry VI. Under the most favourable conditions the pendulum of national policy is apt to swing violently from side to side. The chief merit claimed for democracy by its devotees—apart from the very questionable ethical foundation attributed to the system—is that it throws open the gates of opportunity to ability in all ranks of life. Some would substitute the term volubility for ability, but let that pass. It may be admitted that democracy does raise ability of some kind to the highest positions in the State. But it must be remembered that the term "ability" is ambiguous. There have been able pickpockets and highwaymen. One of the commonest evils of democracy is that it necessarily attracts men of large hopes and small means to public life. Indigent ability almost always implies moral weakness, and the latter is apt to yield to the temptations which beset office and power. A frank saying ascribed to the late Mr. Jay Gould, to the effect that it was easier to buy the legislature than the people, suggests doubts as to democratic integrity. Democracies, indeed, apart from other inherent weaknesses, such as instability, waywardness and short-sightedness, have always nursed corruption. Unhappily, they do not provide the moral tests needed to select men of character, as well as men of capacity. They favour

* "History of Rome," Vol. I, Book ii, Ch. iii. The whole of the fine passage from which the above fragment has been borrowed deserves close attention.

loquacious and confident self-assertion, rather than silent and conscientious ability. They thus tend to concentrate power in the hands of a few practised public speakers. A famous Greek philosopher described the government of ancient Athens as "an aristocracy of orators occasionally interrupted by the monarchy of a single orator." Excepting during the earlier portion of the period of Pericles alone, Athens fared badly under the sway of eloquence. Very few great orators have possessed the gifts of statesmanship; indeed, the association between readiness of speech and incompetence is a mere commonplace. The tongue is a most effective instrument in causing strife, but it has never prevailed against the sword. The eloquence of Demosthenes failed to arrest the triumphant march of Philip, and Cicero had to yield to Cæsar.

Several reasons besides those already suggested may be given to account for the almost uniform failure of democratic governments, dependent on popular majorities, to retain dominion over extensive outlying territories. They are subject to spasms of sentimentalism, which often lead to dire results. The precipitate act of the French National Assembly in 1791 in emancipating the slave population of San Domingo, without providing any safeguards, immediately after the frightful outbreak of savagery incited by the teachings of Brissot and other members of "The Society of Friends of the Blacks," resulted in the final loss to France of her most valuable colonial possessions. To allow vast masses of uninformed electors, whose interests are entirely centred at home, either directly or indirectly, to determine questions affecting the destinies of alien populations living under conditions quite unknown to them is mere lunacy. A wise, consistent colonial policy, too, is impossible under the party system of government, which allows action taken by one set of administrators to-day to be reversed to-morrow. Neither mutual sympathy nor respect can exist between rulers and ruled when the former neither know their own minds nor the feelings and wants of those over whom they exercise a capricious sovereignty. The lack of knowledge and training which characterizes the majority of the ephemeral rulers of a country where democratic institutions prevail, alone disqualifies them for

the fitting discharge of their duties. A man is required to undergo a long and severe course of preparation before he is allowed to practise as a lawyer or doctor. Yet, under present conditions, if endowed with a persuasive tongue, he may become responsible for the administration of India, a country with whose geographical boundaries he may be as much unacquainted as he almost invariably is with the racial psychology of its inhabitants.

Personality and character, we know, are the chief factors in winning the confidence and willing obedience of semi-civilized peoples. The secret of the success of British rule in Asia and Africa up to the end of the last century lay in the fact that in all but an insignificant number of cases the men chosen to fill high administrative positions in countries inhabited by comparatively backward races were, as happily they still are, in a complete sense, gentlemen, and they were allowed reasonable latitude in dealing with local questions. The average Hindu or African feels no respect whatever for the miscellaneous crowd of politicians who form the House of Commons, but he regards the distant sovereign in whose name are pronounced the laws he is required to obey with reverence, and the same feeling extends to the local administrator who is that sovereign's representative. Mill, in the concluding chapter of his "Representative Government," has some sound remarks concerning the administration of India, and these might well be studied by the political busybody of to-day. Foreseeing the certainty of ignorant political intermeddling with Indian affairs by members of the House of Commons, he wrote: "A free country which attempts to govern a distant dependency, inhabited by a dissimilar people, by means of a branch of its own executive, will almost inevitably fail. The only mode which has any chance of tolerable success is to govern through a delegated body, of a comparatively permanent character; allowing only a right of inspection, and a negative voice, to the changeable Administration of the State. . . . A delegated administration has always this advantage over a direct one, that it has, at all events, no duties to perform except to the governed. It has no interests to consider except theirs."

Mill regarded the assumption of direct supreme

authority over India by the British Government after the Mutiny with serious misgiving; and whether or not his melancholy prediction that both England and India would have to pay a "severe penalty" for the abolition of what he termed the "intermediate system of government" before prevailing, the future has yet to show. But few lovers of the Empire can regard the workings of the dyarchy lately established in India with equanimity. Shakespeare, among others, condemned the alliance between aristocracy and democracy as unnatural, and in "Coriolanus" (Act III, Scene I) he gave correct expression to the opinions of the typical Elizabethan statesman concerning it:

> This double worship,
> Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
> Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
> Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
> Of general ignorance,—it must omit
> Real necessities, and give way the while
> To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
> Nothing is done to purpose.

Probably the British administrator in India to-day holds similar views, and they may even still find favour in certain circles in England and the Dominions.

Another matter of importance closely affecting the relations between Great Britain and her dependencies deserves notice. Under a modern democratic régime, no real responsibility is attached to positions even of the highest authority. A late British Ministry assented to changes of the most fundamental kind in the political relations between Great Britain and Ireland, Egypt and India, changes which, in the opinions of those most intimately acquainted with the three countries last mentioned, will probably, in the end, bring on them and on the Empire generally most calamitous results. Yet, should those opinions be verified, no real penalty will be suffered by the politicians who, influenced by a cynical opportunism, disregarded all considerations of prudence and obeyed only the dictates of momentary expediency. Expulsion from office is scarcely an adequate punishment for the ruin of an empire. It is unnecessary to refer to the lamentable neglect of military preparation of which the Government that held office in Great Britain during

the critical years preceding the outbreak of the late World War was guilty, notwithstanding the reiterated warnings of Lord Roberts and many other wise advisers. Mr. Asquith's recent apologia has entirely failed to clear the author and his colleagues from the charge of endangering their country in order to conciliate their party. There can be no real responsibility without substantial penalties. The statesman in former times often risked his head even when he advised his sovereign. Now he may abuse that sovereign's trust by diminishing his authority and jeopardizing the safety of his dominions without fear of anything worse than a forced retirement into private life. The very magnitude of political crimes committed in the name of the people, and with the authority of a transient Parliamentary majority, pleads in their mitigation. Now, far more truly than in Dryden's day:

> Crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
> Since in another's guilt they find their own.

Turning from the question of the perpetuation of British sovereignty over the great dependencies to that of the maintenance of political union between the Mother Country and the self-governing Dominions beyond the seas, the significance attached to the frequent substitution, even in official utterances and documents, of the cumbrous expression "British Commonwealth of Nations" for the simple and majestic term "Empire," is both striking and disagreeable. For the implication obviously is that the union between Great Britain and the Dominions is no longer binding but voluntary. Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and even Southern Ireland, are now officially regarded by the rulers of the country whose navy still protects their shores, not as children or even partners (for there is no deed of partnership in the form of an Imperial Constitution), but merely as friends and equals.

Long ago Adam Smith protested against the delegation of powers affecting the whole Empire to local legislative bodies. "The colonial assemblies," he wrote, "cannot be supposed to be the proper judges of what is necessary for the defence and support of the whole Empire. What is necessary, and in what proportion each

part ought to contribute, can be judged of only by that assembly which inspects and superintends the affairs of the whole Empire." ("Wealth of Nations," Chapter VII, Part 3.) He perceived the need of an Imperial Council of Defence which has since been urged so often and so vainly; although his idea of a migratory Imperial Parliament, representative of all the Dominions, has, for very good reasons, failed to win much support. That the absolute freedom to legislate as they please now enjoyed by the Dominion Parliaments seriously jeopardizes the tranquility and cohesion of the Empire is, however, beyond all doubt. An Australian or a Canadian legislature may pass laws of a most provocative kind affecting foreign nations, such for instance, as the Australian enactments restricting alien immigration, without even consulting Great Britain. Each, indeed, enjoys the privilege of being able to compel at any time all its fellow Dominions, as well as the Mother Country, to take up arms for a cause which, perhaps, they regard as unjust. This state of things is quite intolerable and it cannot endure. And the British Empire now lacks a Zollverein as well as a Kriegsverein. It is, therefore, but an Empire in name. Commercial civil war rages throughout it.

Lord Beaconsfield, in the great speech delivered at the Crystal Palace in June, 1872, called attention to the deplorable error committed by the framers of the Acts conferring self-government on the various colonies in omitting to include provisions for ensuring fiscal uniformity throughout the Empire. "But self-government in my opinion," he declared, "when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff." Unquestionably no province of the Empire should have been allowed to impose import duties on any of the products of the Empire. Imperial free-trade accompanied by a moderate tariff applied to the products of foreign nations would have played a most potent part in securing Imperial unity. The centrifugal influences arising from the divergent tariffs now in operation are powerful beyond estimate, and the moral and political effects of those tariffs are equally disruptive. They necessarily create feelings of mutual

rivalry and antagonism, and weaken the sentiment of Imperial patriotism.

But democratic laxity has granted to the British self-governing Dominions even more dangerous privileges in the political than in the commercial sphere. So fragile of late has become what is still, by courtesy, called the Imperial tie that Canada and even the Irish Free State have lately been allowed to secure independent diplomatic representation at Washington. Canada has actually insisted on negotiating a treaty* with the United States without consulting Great Britain and the rest of the Empire; and at her expressed wish the signature of the British Ambassador was not attached to the instrument. The matters concerned were, certainly, of but local interest, still the precedent created may prove most harmful. The so-called Irish "Treaty" was as much a sin against the Imperial idea as it was against the many thousands of Irish loyalists whose feelings it outraged, and whose interests it sacrificed. These developments are portentous indeed. Soon, possibly, we shall hear of India claiming independent representation at Tokio, and becoming openly or secretly a member of a great Asiatic confederacy opposed to white domination. It might be added that at several meetings of representative trade unionist politicians in Australia lately, resolutions have been accepted demanding that, in the event of Great Britain and the rest of the Empire becoming involved in war, Australia should not take part in it unless the question had first been submitted to the electors by referendum, and the majority had signified their willingness to enter the conflict. That the shoutings of the politicians during the performance of this democratic rite might be drowned by the roar of hostile guns bombarding Melbourne or Sydney seems to have escaped the attention of these patriots who, while quite willing to enjoy the benefits of membership of the Empire in times of peace, wish to shirk their obligations in those of war. Pacifism of this rather ignoble kind is, of course, characteristic only of a minute minority of the people of Australia, and is confined mainly to that obnoxious section whose members devote their energies most assiduously to the stirring up of class

* The "Halibut Treaty."

war at home. But nevertheless those infected by it exercise considerable influence in Australian industrial circles, and profess a most ardent championship of democratic principles.

Notwithstanding the magnificent response made by the British oversea communities when the call to arms sounded in 1914 there are clear signs that the centrifugal influences nurtured by democratic institutions are steadily strengthening throughout the Empire. How are those influences to be checked? Reciprocal trade concessions would help, were it possible to bring about some agreement in this direction; but the strength of the free-trade sentiment in Great Britain, on the one hand, and the great influence acquired under a policy of high protection by the Dominion manufacturers and the industrialists dependent on them for employment on the other, scarcely encourage the hope that, as matters are now, any satisfactory compromise on the tariff question can be reached. A thorough change in the method of conducting Imperial policy, both in its external and in its internal relations, seems to be necessary.

With all respect to the curious opinion expressed by the late Mr. Walter Page, Ambassador of the United States in Great Britain during the war, in a letter published in a late biography that "the cure for democracy is more democracy"* (might one not as rationally say that the cure for alcoholism is more alcohol?), the natural antidote to democracy is aristocracy. The rule of the best, all must admit, is the ideal form of government. Experience in all ages has shown that Cecils, Pitts and Clives are not the products of universal suffrage. The profound fallacies expressed in the first and in the last sentences of Lincoln's famous speech on the battlefield of Gettysburg are recognized by all serious students of history and sociology. All men most certainly are not "created equal." Government, nominally "by the people," is assuredly not government "for the people." It is government by the politicians representing at the time the dominant class for the benefit of themselves and the members of that class. Majority rule necessarily

* "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," by Burton J. Hendrick. Vol. I., ch. xviii.

means incessant civil war, an endless struggle between factions and classes. Personal and party interests mainly engross the energies of the respective combatants, and the really great questions on which the destinies of the nation depend are sacrificed to a selfish opportunism. A degraded franchise must mean a degraded legislature, inasmuch as it places a preponderant share of power in the hands of those who are least fitted to exercise it. Rationally regarded, political equality connotes moral and intellectual equality. Such equality has never yet existed in any human society. Whether by the vigorous enforcement, both positively and negatively, of eugenic principles a race of super-men collectively fit to exercise the functions of government will be evolved hereafter is a matter merely for speculation. It is enough to say that, as convincingly shown by Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in the third chapter of his painfully illuminating work, "The Revolt against Civilization," the gulf now dividing the lowest degree of human intelligence from the highest is exceedingly wide, and the average level of mental ability even in the most civilized countries to-day is very low. It follows, then, that the mob mind is incapable of wisely conducting great affairs—in other words, a democracy cannot govern an empire.

A resolute effort—a kind of Imperial Fascisti movement—is urgently needed to resist the disintegrating forces now in operation in various parts of the British Empire, and to create machinery for ensuring harmonious action both in peace and war. Experience has proved the futility of Imperial Conferences alone to effect this object, for, while useful in a small way in bringing representative men in the Dominions in touch with prominent politicians at home, they are not invested with an atom of real authority. The members attending them are merely the leaders of political parties temporarily in power, and the resolutions adopted, as in the case of the Preference resolutions rejected by the late British Labour Government, may be repudiated by all, or any, of the legislatures whose delegates have accepted them. As educational institutions Imperial Conferences merit praise, but unfortunately each political pupil, after receiving some tuition in Imperial statecraft, may be summarily

dismissed on his return home, and his place taken by a mere novice.

Since fundamental and salutary changes in the political systems now prevailing in Great Britain and the Dominions are, for the present, unhappily, more to be desired than expected, it may be suggested that beneficial results might follow the constitution of some kind of permanent council composed of the elder statesmen of the Empire. Such a body would include ex-Ministers of the Crown, retired administrators and judges of long experience and proved capacity, and distinguished commercial, naval, and military experts. Its members should most certainly not be subjected to the vagaries of popular elections, but should be nominated for long terms by the Governments of Great Britain, India and the Dominions. Special arrangements might be made for the representation of the Crown Colonies. Questions relating to Imperial foreign policy, defence and trade, would mainly occupy the attention of the Council, and of course, for a time at least, its functions would be solely advisory. There would be no interference with the powers of self-government now enjoyed by the Dominions; consequently the work of the Council could not in any way conflict with the interests, or offend the susceptibilities, of any autonomous province of the Empire. Nevertheless, the high character of its personnel, and the fact that it represented the flower of the Empire's ability in the departments of peaceful administration and the conduct of war, would give it an unquestioned moral ascendancy. Being also entirely free from the poison of party, it would not be exposed to party attacks, and its recommendations, therefore, would receive the unbiased and respectful consideration of all the legislatures to which they were submitted.

The present writer is not sanguine enough to believe that, if the proposal just humbly put forward were carried out, the result would at once be a really united British Empire. It were ridiculous to suppose, for instance, that the counsels, even of the most competent and impartial body of advisers, fortified by expert knowledge, would avail to bring about fiscal uniformity. The strength of the divergent interests fostered by the vicious system of commercial licence that has hitherto prevailed would

probably for a long time defeat any attempt to bring into operation an Imperial Tariff. The task of reconciling the antagonistic views held by India on the one hand and the white Dominions on the other, in regard to the delicate question of inter-Imperial migration, would also probably prove too much for any council. But in default of remedies, it might at least devise palliatives, and soothe bitterness of feeling if unable to remove it. It would serve in a degree as a fly-wheel to the Imperial machine. It would help towards that dispersion of authority in days of peace, and concentration of authority in those of war, which favour both economic development and security.

It is much to be lamented that the unique opportunity offered by the triumphant close of the late war for unifying and strengthening the Empire was neglected by British statesmen. Unhappily the fruits of victory were sacrificed to the nebulous idealism of the chief magistrate of a country whose total contribution to the final success of the cause of freedom was comparatively small, and whose official attitude towards the British Empire during the first three years of the struggle was far from sympathetic. The result was, not indeed peace without victory, but victory without peace. Unquestionably the vehement protests made by the Australian Prime Minister at Versailles against the abandonment of all claims against Germany for the payment of at least a portion of the costs of a war for which she was mainly responsible, represented the feelings of the great majority of the people of Australia, Canada and New Zealand. It was felt then, and is felt still, that on the historic occasion referred to, the representatives of Great Britain showed an inadequate appreciation of their responsibilities to the armies of the Empire that had fought so bravely, and to the various nations, pre-eminently Great Britain herself, which had cheerfully endured such heavy sacrifices in order to free the world from the menace of military despotism. Justice, the noble old Roman saying tells us, is the foundation of dominion. It is also the foundation of peace. A peace that is unjust to the victors is no more likely to prove durable than one which wrongs the vanquished. If the British Empire had been represented at Versailles during the fateful negotiations which followed the Armistice by

a Pitt or a Castlereagh, and the United States by a Lincoln or a Roosevelt, how different would be the condition of the world to-day! Then, after establishing a peace based on justice and righteousness, the statesmen of England might have invited representatives of the Dominions to meet in conference in order to apply the lessons learned in common danger and tribulation to the founding of a lasting Imperial structure.

That, however, was not to be. The hour came, but not the man. It can only be hoped that a new opportunity will arise, and that then it will not be neglected. So different in every respect is the British Empire of to-day from all empires that have existed in the past that history can afford but little help in forecasting its future. Whether, as her enemies so confidently predict, England will gradually sink into the condition of Holland, relinquishing all control over her Asiatic and African dependencies, and breaking the slender political ties that still bind her to her daughter states, the future, probably the near future, will show. The crisis of her fate is now close at hand. She stands on the very threshold of destiny. If weak and selfish counsels prevail in her legislature—if she yields to a timorous pacifism, or becomes dominated by that spirit of sordid commercialism which blighted the hopes of the Batavian Republic, she will indeed continue to bear a great name among the nations, but it will owe its greatness solely to the grandeur of past achievements. She will cease to be the world's exemplar of the arts of government and administration and for a brief space will live only in the twilight of extinguished glory. On her monument, the stateliest in the necropolis of departed empires, Clio hereafter will inscribe an epitaph, laudatory indeed, but not without reproach. For it will record the fall of a nation which, after extending in the course of centuries of courageous endeavour and unceasing sacrifice its beneficent dominion over widespread lands and many diverse races, and overthrowing by one final stupendous effort the mightiest of its enemies, weary of power, weakened by faction, and misled by false ideals and political illusions, suddenly renounced its high mission, flung aside both sword and sceptre, and sank fainting on the Imperial highway it had followed so long.

Wild Wings*

By W. H. Hudson

WELLS-NEXT-THE-SEA is one of the spots I love best to frequent in the autumn, chiefly to see and hear the wild geese that winter there in larger numbers than at any other point on the coast. This season of 1912 I had another object in going thither; there remained two or three weeks' work to be done in order to complete a book on bird life; and where, flying from London, could one find a place more admirably suited for such a purpose? A small, ancient, village-like town, set in a low flat land next the sea, or separated from the sea by a mile-wide marsh, grey in summer, but now rust-brown in its autumnal colour. The fisher-folk are poor, and their harvest consists mainly of shellfish, mussels, whelks, clams, and they also dig at low water for sand-worms to be sold for bait. They are like their feathered fellow-creatures, the hooded crows; and indeed they resemble crows when seen, small and black, scattered far out on the wide waste of sand. When the men are away at the sea and those noisy little animals, the children, are shut up in school, you can imagine that there is no longer any life in Wells; you would not be in a quieter place on the wide brown marsh itself, nor on the low grassy sandhills faintly seen in the distance, nor on the wide stretch of sand beyond, where the men, crow-like, are seeking their subsistence.

To Wells I accordingly went on October 17, yet was no sooner in this ideal spot than I began to think it was the last place where I could do any work, since even the noises and distractions of London would have a less disturbing effect than that low murmur, that familiar yet ever strange sound of the old, old sea, that came to me by day and night, and the wild cries and calls of passing birds, especially the cries of the geese.

It is related of a man who had a great reputation in his day, which is now ended, that he was once taken to

* "English Review," January 1913.

task by a friend for having settled himself at Wells. You, his friend said, with your love of mankind, your noble ideals, your many talents, and especially your eloquence in addressing your fellow men—how can you endure to waste your years in this dead-alive little town in a marsh?

The other answered that it was because Wells was the only town in England where, sitting at ease in his study, he could listen to the cries of wild geese.

To me, just a naturalist, these same cries were even more than to that famous man: to sit still and do any work where I heard them was the difficulty. Thus was I pulled two ways, and my state was that of being in, or between, "two minds." My wish was that these same two minds could have two bodies with sets of senses complete, so that each might be able to follow its own line. I envied the chameleon just then—a strange creature which is said to change its colour according to its surroundings. That, however, is merely a physical condition, one which it shares with certain other creatures without any mind at all, or in which the mind is dormant, as, for example, in some crysalids. It is a minor mystery; the big mystery of the chameleon, the pretty problem for the students of animal psychology, is the divisibility of its mind, the faculty of being two persons in one body, each thinking and acting independently of the other. Observe him in a domestic state, sitting on a branch in a room, in appearance a deformed lizard, or the skeleton of one, encased in a discoloured, granulated skin, long dried to a parchment. The most remarkable feature is the head, which reminds one of a grotesque mediæval carving in or on some old church, of a toad-like or fish-like human creature with countenance expressive of some ancient, forgotten kind of wisdom. He is absolutely motionless, dead or asleep one might imagine; but on a closer scrutiny you discover that he is not only awake and alive, but that he has two lives in him—in other words, that the two hemispheres of his brain are working separately, each occupied with his own problem. It may be seen in his eyes—minute round lenses mounted on swivels, or small fleshy or rubber processes, capable of being elevated or depressed and pointed in this or that direction at will. They are like the freely-moving ears of a horse, but they do not point one

way, since each one, together with the half-brain which governs it, is occupied with looking at a different thing. You see, for instance, that one of the pair is now aimed like a spy-glass at some remote object, also that it is continually moving, and you will presently discover that it is following the erratic movements of a bluebottle, wandering about the room. This is not an idle amusement nor mere mental curiosity on the chameleon's part; he knows that the fly is an indefatigable traveller and investigator; that by-and-by, when he has finished quartering the ceiling, running up and down the walls and looking at the pictures, he will turn his attention to the furniture, piece by piece, and eventually arrive at that very spot, that stand or table with its counterfeit presentment of a branch, and upon the branch the strange image of a monster, perhaps a god, of stone or metal, dug up by some Flinders Petrie in some desert city, where it has been lying buried in sand these several thousand years. Truly a curious and interesting object for an inquisitive fly to look at! And just as a little tourist will place himself in front of the Sphinx to survey its countenance at a proper distance of forty or fifty yards, so does the fly settle himself before the face of the chameleon, at a distance of six or eight or ten inches. That is not too far for the tongue, which is as long as the body: the eye on a swivel has never lost sight of the blue wanderer; it is fixed on him even now; the tongue follows like lightning, and lo! the fly has vanished!

Meanwhile, the same chameleon, on the other side of him, has fallen into a doze, or reverie, or is perchance philosophizing, the eye on that side being sunk into the skull. One could say that he is lying comfortably muffled up at home, lapped in rosy dreams, while his fellow chameleon is abroad hunting, practising all his subtle strategy to capture a shy, volatile quarry. Yet at any moment these two, so divided in mind and indifferent to each other's doings and thinkings, can merge into one: they literally pull themselves together, and a single will takes command of the entire body, from the gargoyle head to the prehensile tail.

I can laugh now at the plight I was in just through not being made like a chameleon; but it wasn't a laughing

matter when Conscience pointed sternly to the writing-table and at the same time a persuasive voice called to me from the door to come out, otherwise I should miss something never again to be seen. No hint as to what the wonderful thing was to be, nor when nor where it was to be seen: all I had to do was to be out all day, waiting and watching.

The wonder is that when, in spite of Conscience, I got away, I did witness some things which were actually worth recording. Thus, one day while sitting by the old sea-ruined coastguard station on the dunes, between the sea and the marsh, I noticed a small, unfamiliar bird, robin-like in appearance, but darker and without the red waistcoat, flitting in a sprightly manner about the old crumbling walls. By-and-by his flittings and little dashes after passing flies brought him to a perch within five yards of me; and sitting there, curiously eyeing me, dropping his wings and flirting a broad tail, he stood revealed—a black redstart! A happy experience: in all that empty, desolate place I could not have met with a more engaging stranger, nor one more friendly. For he is first cousin to our pretty firetail with a sweet little summer song, only our redstart is a shy bird, whereas this black redstart was tamer than any robin. I took it that he was resting a day on the dunes after his perilous flight over the North Sea, and that he came from Holland, where he is common and breeds fearlessly in and on the houses. That is why he was so confident, also why he eyed me so curiously, for he knew by the look of me that I was not a Dutchman. More than that he did not know, and he had no letter tied to his wing; nevertheless, he had a greeting and a message for me from that country and that people, who, among the nations of the Continent, are most like the English in kindness to animals as well as in some other things, but are better than we are in their treatment of birds.

On another day I stole into the pine-wood growing on the sandhills by the sea, and in the heart of the wood came to a deep, basin-like depression in the sand, and there I seated myself on the rim or margin among the long, grey marram grass, with the dark red pillars of the pines standing all about me. It was marvellously still in that hidden place in the woods; after sitting there for

half an hour, listening and watching, the thought came to me that I might stay there half a day without seeing any living creature or hearing any faintest sound of life. Yet before another minute had passed something living flashed into sight, the woodland creature that is most alive—a beautiful red squirrel with an exceptionally big bushy tail. He slid swiftly down a bole, and straightway began leaping, pirouetting, and dashing hither and thither about the floor of the basin, not twenty yards from my feet. As I sat motionless he did not see or did not heed me: he was alone in the wood, and was like the solitary nightingale that asks for no witness to his song, and played his glad, mad game with his whole soul. Now with feet together he arched his body like a stoat, then flung himself out full length and dashed round in a circle, and as he moved there was an undulating motion, as of wave following wave along his back and tail which gave him a serpentine appearance. On coming to a thick bed of pine needles, he all at once became motionless and spread himself out on the ground and looked like the flattened skin of a squirrel, with the four paws visible at the corners. When he had sufficiently enjoyed the sensation of pressing on the pine needles with the under surface of his body, he started up to continue his game, until he suddenly caught sight of a large, yellowish-white agaric growing some yards away, and, dashing at it, he tore it violently from the stalk with his two paws and began devouring it as if mad with hunger, taking huge bites and working his jaws like a chaff-cutter.

Sitting upright devouring his mushroom, he looked like a quaint little red man eating a round piece of bread-and-butter twice as broad as himself. Then suddenly, after a few more bites, he dashed the mushroom to the ground as if he hated the taste of it, and scampering off out of the hollow, vanished from sight among the trees.

With such things as these to be seen, the very thought of work gave me a sensation of weariness and disgust: to sit down to a pile of old note-books, some of them more than a year old, patiently and laboriously to sift out two or three observations worth recording out of every hundred, seemed an intolerable burden, and not worth the candle. Even the sight of a black redstart (with

greetings from Holland) and the romps of a fantastic squirrel seemed more to me a hundred times than the sights of a year ago. To go back to such stuff was to leave living, breathing, palpitating Nature to finger bundles of old, faded photographs and muse on dusty memories. Why then go back? Why, indeed! Ah! how easy to ask that question; how often we ask it, and there is no answer but the old one: because of the eternal desire in us, which must have fretted even the hearts of the men who dwelt in caves; to reveal, to testify, to point out the path to a new enchanted realm, which we have discovered; to convey to others some faint sense or suggestion of the wonder and delight which may be found in Nature.

We say, and I am here speaking of my own peculiar people, the naturalists, that birds too, like ourselves, may be pulled two ways, and that two conflicting impulses may be the cause of one of the most pathetic of Nature's innumerable little annual tragedies. This is when a pair of swallows are rearing a late brood, and before the time comes for the young to fly are themselves overtaken and borne away to the south by the irresistible migratory instinct.

It happened that on the very day of my arrival at Wells, October 17, I noticed a pair of martins still feeding their young in a nest under the eaves above a sweetstuff shop, within two or three doors of the Wells post office. Now I shall see for myself, I said, resolving to keep an eye on them. There were no other martins or swallows of any kind in Wells at that date: a fortnight earlier I had witnessed the end of the swallow migration, as I thought, on the South Devon sea-coast. I saw them morning after morning in numbers, travelling along the coast towards the Isle of Wight, which is one of their great crossing-places, until they had all gone.

I kept an eye on the martins, visiting them very early every morning and two or three times later during each day. The young, it could be seen when they thrust their heads and almost half their bodies out to receive the food their parents brought, were fully grown and very clamorous.

"They will be out in a day or two," I said confidently.

The people of the house informed me that this same nest had been occupied, off and on, throughout the summer; and if we take it that eggs were laid at the beginning of May, it must be assumed that this pair of martins had been occupied almost continuously with the breeding business for six months, and were now rearing their third, or possibly their fourth, brood. A long period when we consider that they could not have had a worse season: bad everywhere in England, it was exceptionally so on the Norfolk coast, where the winds and cold were most felt and the flooding rains in August were greatest.

As the young birds did not come out during the two following days, I began to look for their abandonment, whereupon the women of the house compassionately offered to take them in and feed them, in the hope of keeping them alive until the return of warm weather, when they would be liberated. From that time onwards they and others in the town who had begun to take an interest in the birds helped me to keep a watch on the nest. Assuredly the young would be abandoned and that very shortly; the weather was rough and cold, food becoming scarcer each day; and for a month or six weeks the impulse to fly south, the "mighty breath, which in a powerful language felt, not heard, instructs the fowls of heaven," must have been worrying the brains of those two overworked little martins.

But again the expected did not happen; the parents did not forsake their young, and on two occasions, one on October 25, the other five days later, they tried their best to get the young out. They came to the nest with flies a dozen times a minute, and instead of delivering the food into the open mouths they would flutter a moment with beaks just out of reach, then drop off to circle round and repeat the action. All these enticing arts were of no avail; the young had not the strength or spirit to launch themselves on the air, otherwise they would have been saved.

On the following day, October 31, the weather was exceptionally bad; it was cold, with a strong wind, and rained heavily all day: the call of the young now sounded feebler from the nest, and the eager little black, flat heads and white throats were no longer thrust out. Yet the old

birds still laboured faithfully to find them food, only on this last day they did not go far in search of provender. They were too anxious, or in some way conscious, of the failing strength of the young; they hawked after scarce flies up and down the street, always near the nest, constantly giving themselves that quick little shake by means of which the swallow throws the rain off his feathers. There was another noticeable change in them: at intervals of about a quarter of an hour one or both of the birds would fly into the nest and remain there for a space of three or four minutes, doubtless to warm the young. At all events, I don't think it was merely to rest themselves, as on previous days I noticed that when they wanted to rest they would fly into one of the empty martins' nests close to their own.

That last day came to an early end, as it began to get dark at four o'clock, and the old birds settled down with their young for the night.

The following morning, although somewhat chilly, was more like April than November, with a light wind, a crystal clear sky, and a sunshine with a magic in it to enliven the world and give renewed life even to the perishing. The old birds had vanished and no faintest sound came from the nest. I waited some hours, then procured a ladder and took the nest down, and found two full-grown dead young martins in it. One had died that morning, probably at two or three o'clock, before the turning of the tide of life; the other looked as if it had died about two days before.

This is but one case, yet it does suggest the idea that we may be mistaken after all in assuming that the migratory impulse or passion will cause the swallow to forsake a late brood, leaving them to die of starvation. Probably such cases do occur from time to time and have been observed, yet they may be exceptional cases. We know that a few swallows do linger on with us into the depth of winter each year; that they become torpid with cold, and that occasionally one does survive until the following spring. Such cases gave rise to the belief that swallows hibernate regularly, which was held by serious naturalists down to the early nineteenth century: but we know now that these cases of torpid birds are rare

exceptions to the rule that the swallow migrates each autumn to Africa.

This one case of a pair of swallows with an exceptionally late brood, which I have had an opportunity of observing properly, inclines me to think that so long as the young continue alive and able to emit their hunger cry, the parental instinct in the old birds remains dominant and holds the migratory impulse in check or in abeyance; that only when the insistent cry ceases and the young birds grow cold the release comes and the "mighty breath" blows upon and bears them away southward irresisting as a ball of thistledown carried by the air.

My anxious interest in the swallows did not keep me from seeing and hearing the geese. They had arrived, as usual, "in their thousands": the wild-fowlers said they had never seen them in greater numbers than this autumn. One reason for this was supposed to be the unusual abundance of food on the farmlands, where a great deal of the corn had remained on the ground on account of the floods in August and September. The farmers' loss was pure gain to the wild geese. The birds shot during my stay were fat and their crops full of corn; certainly they appeared happy; and when they passed over the town with resounding cackle and scream one could imagine they were laughing in the sky: Ha! ha! ha! it is a jolly life in spite of you wingless, wicked ones, so long as we remember when flying to and from the sea to keep out of range of your hateful old guns! They didn't always remember, and a goose was a great prize when one fell to the gun of one of these very poor men; but when they sent me round a bird just to see what a fine bird old So-and-so had got, and—"would I give him half-a-crown for it?" I could only reply that it was indeed a fine bird, and I congratulated my old friend on his luck, but I wasn't buying a goose. I can eat sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting cow; also fowl, pheasant, and various other birds, wild and tame; but I draw the line at wild geese. I would as soon eat a lark, or a quail, or a nice, plump young individual of my own species as this wise and noble bird.

The cries of the geese going inland to their happy feeding-grounds would come to me in my room before I

was up in the morning, and again the same exhilarating sound was heard in the evening just after sunset, causing the women and children to run out of their cottages to see and listen to the passing birds. At that hour I was usually a mile or so out on the marsh or by the sea to have a good view of the geese as they came over. On some evenings they disappointed me, but there were always other birds to look at and enjoy, the chief among these being the hooded crow. He was a few days later than usual this year, but during the last ten or twelve days of October came in steadily, arriving, as a rule, in the morning, until he was as numerous as ever all along the coast. The best time to see these birds is in the evening, when they have been feeding all day on the marshes, and are as full of small crabs and carrion cast up by the sea as the geese are of corn, and when they have an hour before going to roost to spend in play.

One evening I was greatly entertained by their performance, when the tide was out, leaving a wide stretch of mud at the mouth of the river or small estuary which serves Wells as harbour; and here some sixty or seventy birds had gathered to amuse themselves before going to roost. Here would be a bird looking for something to eat, and when he found a small crab or other morsel he would make a great to-do about it, and hold it up as a challenge to others; then his next neighbour would set upon him and there would be a sham-fight, and the crab would be captured and carried triumphantly away, only to be used as a challenge to others. This was but one of a dozen different forms of play they were indulging in, and while this play on the ground went on, at intervals of a few seconds a bird would shoot straight up into the air to a height of eighteen or twenty feet, then, turning over, tumble straight down to the ground again. To drop vertically down seemed to be the aim of every bird, but with a wind blowing they found it a somewhat difficult feat, and would wriggle and flutter and twist their wings about in various ways to save themselves from being blown to one side. At longer intervals a bird would shoot up to a height of forty to sixty feet, going up in a much easier way than the others, with a stronger flight and falling more skilfully, almost

like a stone. So great was the difference between this display and that of the generality that these birds were like old practised hands or professionals at the game, and the others mere amateurs or beginners.

On describing what I had witnessed to an old fisherman and fowler, he said, "I've watched them playing like that many and many a time, and have thought to myself, they're just like a lot o' children."

My best evening was on October 29, for at the close of that day the sky cleared and the geese returned not in detachments, but all together and a little earlier than usual. I was out on the marsh towards Blakeney, a mile and a half or so from Wells, when, about half-an-hour before sunset, a solitary goose came flying by me towards the sea, keeping only a foot or two above the ground. It was a wounded bird, shot somewhere on its feeding ground, and, being unable to keep with the flock, was travelling slowly and painfully to the roosting-place on the sands. When it had got about a couple of hundred yards past me a few redshanks rose from the edge of the creek and, after wheeling round once or twice, dropped down again in the same place, and no sooner had they alighted than the goose turned aside from his course and, flying straight to them, pitched on the ground at their side. That is just how a bird of social disposition will always act when forsaken by his fellows and in distress: it will try to get with others, however unlike its own species they may be—even a goose with redshanks; and this, too, in a most dangerous place for a goose to delay in, where gunners are accustomed to hide in the creeks. It was evident that he was ill at ease and troubled at my presence as, after alighting, he continued standing erect with head towards me. There he remained with the redshanks for full fifteen minutes, but he had not been more than two minutes on the spot before a passing hooded crow dropped down close to and began walking round him. The crow will not attack a wounded goose, even when badly wounded, but he knows when a bird is in trouble and he must satisfy his inquisitive nature by looking closely at him to find out how bad he really is. The goose, too, knows exactly what the crow's life and mind is, and no doubt despises him. I watched them intently, and

every time the crow came within a couple of feet of him the goose bent down and shot out his snake-like head and neck at him. If my binocular had been able to catch the sound as well as the sight, it would have conveyed to me, too, the angry snake-like hiss which accompanied the threatening gesture. And each time this gesture was made the crow hopped away a little space, only to begin walking and hopping round the goose again until he had satisfied his impudent curiosity, whereupon he flew off towards his roosting-place.

Then, after a few minutes, from a great way off in the sky came the sounds of approaching geese, and the wounded bird turned his breast towards the land and stood with head held high to listen to and see his fellows on their way to the roosting-place. The sounds grew louder, and presently the birds appeared, not in a compact body, but in three single lines or skeins of immense length, while between these widely separated lines were many groups or gaggles of a dozen to forty or fifty birds arranged in phalanx form.

I had been witnessing this evening return of the geese for a fortnight, but never, as now, united in one vast flock, numbering at the least four thousand birds, the skeins extending over the sky for a length of about a third of a mile. Nor had the conditions ever been so favourable; the evenings had been clouded and it was often growing dark when they appeared. On this occasion the heavens were without a cloud or stain and the sun still above the horizon. I could see it from the flat marsh like a great crimson globe hanging just above the low, black roofs of Wells, with the square church tower in the middle. The whole vast aerial army streamed by directly over me and over their wounded fellow below, still standing statuesque and conspicuous on the brown, level marsh. In two or three minutes more the leading birds were directly above the roosting-place on the flat sands, and at this point they paused and remained stationary in mid-air, or slowly circled round, still keeping at the same height; and as others and still others joined them, the whole formation was gradually broken up, skeins and phalanxes becoming merged in one vast cloud of geese, circling round like a cloud of gulls. Then the descent

began, a few at a time detaching themselves from the throng and sweeping obliquely downwards, while others, singly or in small parties, with half-closed wings appeared to hurl themselves towards earth with extraordinary violence. This marvellous wild wing display continued for four or five minutes before the entire multitude had come to the ground. Altogether it had been the most magnificent spectacle in wild bird life I had ever witnessed in England.

It was not until all were down and invisible, and the tumult of the multitudinous cries had sunk to silence, that the wounded bird, after some moments of indecision, first taking a few steps onwards, then returning to the side of the redshanks, as if reluctant to part from those little unhelpful friends lest he should find no others, finally set off walking towards the sea.

There were no gunners out on the shore at this point just then, and he would be able to reach the flock in a little while, although he would not perhaps be able to follow them to the farmlands on the morrow or ever again.

On Chafa Shalit

By Rose Wilder Lane

Author of "Gordon Blake"

THE mountaineers said there had never been such a spring since "a hundred hundred years before the Romans came." The waterfalls were frozen, and the rapids of the Lumi Shala boiled black through a crust of ice. There had always been snow on the mountain peaks, but now the world was buried in it. In the village of Thethis men tunnelled through snow from house to house, and the children were crying with hunger.

There were five of us, and we were guests; the last sheep was killed for us, and the chiefs smiled, with hands on their hearts, when they passed us the dishes. But there was not enough bread for the silver, and our silver kronen were not food. I said we must go. They tried to keep us, but when I insisted, they said we might get over the frozen snow in the Chafa Shalit and down to the Scutari plain. Four chiefs went with us; it is their custom to escort guests to the edge of the tribal lands.

We went in the dark of the morning, with torches to light the way. At ten o'clock the sun came over the eastern mountains, and the white mountains shone and sparkled. I could hardly go on, for wanting to look at the colours and sparkles—and for weariness, too, for after those hours of climbing there was no part of me that was not an ache. But the chiefs would not let me stop. So we climbed till all my muscles screamed with pain, but when I protested, still they urged me upward. Their faces were grim under their turbans, and for the first time I was afraid of them. But I could not let myself be afraid, so I stopped and said that we would stay where we were until I was rested.

"No," the interpreter said, "we will go on without resting. We have come too far to go back, and the sun is melting the snow."

I was saying that nevertheless I *must* rest, when he made a gesture so savage that astonishment killed my words. The chiefs were looking upward, listening, and I heard a soft increasing sound like wind in pines. Then the interpreter seized my wrist and cried, "Run!" and we ran. Twice the crust of snow crackled and broke

under my feet, and I went down to my armpits. They all pulled me out somehow, and I saw them shouting while they did. I could not hear them, for the whole air was rushing past us. When we stopped, the trail we had been climbing was a wide ravine deep cut in the snow, and there was a clean gash through the pine forest below us. The great pines, whose tops had been sparkling above the snow, had been cut off at their roots and carried away. The Albanians knelt where they stood, and crossed themselves, and thanked the God who had saved us.

We went on climbing. We could not get back to the trail, but followed along the edge of the gash the avalanche had made. The two peaks of the Chafa were pure and white against the sky above us, and we knew that if we could reach the niche between them we could rest. We went on, with the soft snow clogging our steps and the crust crackling under our weight. We walked a little distance apart, except that one man was always beside me, and there was no sound except the snapping of the snow-crust and a low praying. That low murmuring never stopped while we climbed. The miles of white peaks and blue hollows below us were still, with a silence that filled earth and sky more dreadfully than any voice, and the roar of an avalanche, drowning the Albanians' prayers, was like a contemptuous condescending—the silence speaking at last.

Imagine, then, what it was to us to see on the whiteness before our eyes the blue shadow of another human being. He was waiting for us, and when we stopped in a carefully scattered group he gave us polite greeting: "Long may you live!" He crossed himself as he said it. He was perhaps forty years old, and looked as strong as weather-seasoned oak. The thrift and pride of his household spoke in the socks, knitted in a bright pattern of flowers, that lined his new *opangi*, and in the clean, beautifully braided, white trousers, the combed fringe of the black jacket. The rifle on his back shone with polishing. Friendly laughter and contentment had left their marks around his hazel eyes and on sun-browned cheeks; but the eyes were serious then, and the lips tense.

"I am Gjlosh Marku, of the village of Boga in the

tribe of Pultit," he told us, when the greeting of the trails was said. "It was telephoned to us across the mountains that the chiefs of Thethis were bringing us a guest, a foreign *zonya* on her way to Scutari. We replied to him who telephoned, but his voice did not come back to us. So I have come to say to you, all guests are welcome in the village of Boga, and a foreign *zonya* is thrice welcome. Our village is hers if she honours us by coming. But the Serbs have come down across our lands on the western side of the Chafa Shalit. They hold the road to Scutari, and let no one pass. The Tirana Government will not let us fight them. The village of Boga will be happy if the foreign *zonya* will stay with us as long as she will. But the trails are dangerous to-day, so I have come to say that if she must go to Scutari, the way through the Chafa Shalit will not take her there."

I thanked him, with my hand courteously on my heart; but what were thanks to give a man who was risking his life to warn me of danger? I felt ungrateful when I said I could pass the Serbs. He had not understood that power of my tribe could take me safely where no Dukagjini man could go. We should go on, I said, and was startled by the groan that escaped me when my muscles moved again.

Gjlosh Marku went before us to show us the way, which, indeed, was marked by his footprints and the flounderings where he had gone down. These we avoided, but again and again I fell. Numbness was coming upon me, and I felt, when the softness buried me and I must lie motionless until they dragged me to safety by an arm, that it would be good if they would leave me in peace. I did not go on because of any will of my own, but because the Albanians expected me to do it. We had been climbing and running for twelve hours. The sinking sun was reaching the Chafa Shalit, and the two peaks seemed as far from us as ever. The windy sound of another avalanche came down to us, and again we ran, and again I fell and was dragged out. When I tried to stand I couldn't; I told them to run on and leave me. The interpreter took his revolver out of the holster and cocked it. He shouted, "I'm sorry, we must kill you. We can't carry you, the avalanche may not kill you

quickly. If you can't run, we must shoot you and ourselves." The others slung their rifles off their shoulders, and I heard Gjlosh Marku repeating, in prayer, "My wife—my wife." The roar of the avalanche was quite close, and their voices were lost in it. I had forgotten the Law of Lek—that I was a guest, that all of them must die with me. I got up. But before I could try to run, Gjlosh Marku had my wrist and was pulling me in the other direction. Some obstacle had changed the course of the snow, and when it had passed, the place where I had fallen was on the edge of the chasm it left.

When we came to the Chafa Shalit the sun shone on us again, and it was like another morning to see the peaks and mounds of shining snow and the glittering forests going down to a glimmer of Lake Scutari, fifty miles away. We fell in the snow, and I seemed to have slept for a long time when the interpreter shook me awake. My Albanians and the chiefs of Thethis were kneeling, with bowed heads, crossing themselves, but Gjlosh Marku was on his feet, telephoning. He swayed and staggered, but he held his thumbs firmly against his ears, and that unearthly call of the mountain people went through the frosty air like the highest note of a violin. He did not rest until an answer came up from the white depths, and then he sat down without firing his rifle.

"Telephoning to his wife," I surmised. We had long ago abandoned all the packs, but a little cornbread had been carried in the sashes, and we sat there eating it.

"Yes," said the interpreter, "he loves his wife."

It was dark when we came to his house. The night was cold, and the snow once more as hard as ice. From the Chafa Shalit to the edge of the pines it was a smooth, gigantic slope, and we did not walk. We lay on the snow at the edge of it, and our bodies went down like sleds—a roar of wind in our ears and a rush of dizzy stars and the heaven of no effort, till terror made us try to stop with a foot dug into the snow. Then a whirling and crackling, and lying still till breath came back and we crawled out on unbroken surface again. An hour of this and the sharp tops of the pines came through the snow to meet us, and Mark Gjloshi, the son of Gjlosh Marku, was waiting for us with a torch.

There were the mountain houses, and the line of chiefs drawn up to give us welcome, the shock and flash of rifles firing in the dark, the torchlight on proud, hard faces and silver chains, and "Long may you live! Long may you live! Glory to the trails that brought you!" It was good to get into the warm dusk, where the fire smouldered on the earthen floor, and the goats munched their dried leaves with a tinkling of bells. It was quite a pretentious house. There was a notched log leading up to a little wickerwork room that hung on the stone wall like a bird's nest, and there was a wooden canopy over the fire, velvety with soot, and a hanging basket of ironwork to hold blazing splinters of pitch pine. The floor was neatly swept, and waiting in the ashes of the fire was the coffee-pot like a deep, long-handled spoon, the covered glasses filled with coffee and sugar, and the wooden jar of water, and the little handleless cup.

Of course, you hardly see the women in these houses. After you have greeted them, they fade into the darkness beyond the firelight, and are only bright eyes watching you, and a twinkle of marriage belts. I lay down on the warm ground beside the fire without a thought of the women of Gjlosh Marku, until he said, even before he set the coffee-pot in the coals: "Where is my wife?" His son answered. He was a handsome boy, about seventeen years old, taller than his father, and blue eyed. He had hung his rifle on the wall with the others, and was cutting pine splinters for the lamp. All the chiefs were lounging around the fire in a circle—bodies lean as panthers, in white wool and black wool, coloured sashes, silver-hilted knives, keen eyes and long, slender hands rolling cigarettes. It all blurred and went out, and they had to wake me for the ceremony of coffee drinking. Gjlosh Marku needed that cup more than I, and so did some of my men who were rubbing their feet with snow; but, of course, I must drink first. The thick, hot sweetness of the coffee had roused me when there was a noise at the bolted door, and Gjlosh Marku's wife came in.

She came straight into the firelight, a vigorous woman bringing a scent of pine and snow. She was not beautiful, and had never been pretty. Her face was as

browned as leather, but every wrinkle in it was pleasant to see, and her blue eyes were wise and merry. Two neat braids of greying hair hung over her breast to the wide marriage belt; she had gathered up her skirt of black and white wool, and under the short petticoat her legs were sturdy in flowered stockings and worn *opangi*. Gjlosh Marku got up at once, and took from the gathered-up skirt a new-born lamb that she had been carrying. "*A ti lodhe?*" he said. "Are you tired?"

Gjlosh Marku does not know any word for love or for home, but I know what there was between those two when they met by that fire, both come alive from the snow and the dark. They simply looked at each other, and she said that she was not tired. Then she went to bring the mother sheep into the house, and Gjlosh Marku went on making coffee. He helped her later with cooking the supper; there is nothing unusual in that, of course. But there was a difference in their manner of doing it; they worked together, not like two workmen, or even two friends, but as though they were one person. He always knew where she was, without turning his head to look into the darkness, and things were handed from one to the other as from the right hand to the left.

"They do love each other," the interpreter said. "I have often heard of them; they are famous in the mountains for this strange thing."

Gjlosh Marku himself spoke frankly of it. After we had drunk the coffee and *rakejia*, after the low table with its chunks of hot bread and its central dish of eggs and goat's milk cheese had been passed from group to group, and we had washed our hands again and lighted the cigarettes of golden tobacco, he proudly directed our attention to her, where she sat in the firelight, embroidering new trousers for him.

"Look now at my wife," he said. "There is no woman like her in the mountains, or even in Scutari. Two thousand kronen she cost me, and I have never spent better money. I would pay for her to-day four thousand kronen, and my goats and my sheep—all that I have. Is she not a beautiful woman?

"She is as clever as she is beautiful," he continued. "It is now twenty-four years that I have lived with my

woman, and all that I have I owe to her. She knows the ways of sheep and goats, she makes old garments into new ones, she is never idle. She thinks, also. Her counsel is always good."

"It is the good husband who makes the good wife," she remarked, pausing to hold off the embroidery and look at it.

"But how can a man know what he will find when he opens the door to look at his bride?" Gjlosh Marku replied. "She may be ugly, she may be old, she may be of a nature that will make him all his life like a man walking with a hole in his *opangi*. I tell you that I thought many things before I opened that door twenty-four years ago to look for the first time on the wife who had been brought to my house. But glory to my parents! They had chosen well for me when I was in the cradle. For twenty-four years we have been together in war and peace, and never have I ceased to bless my parents."

I was exhausted, and in the warmth of the fire it was torture to keep myself awake, as courtesy required that I should do. All the black coffee and cigarettes could barely hold my eyes open, and any part in the conversation was impossible. When next I saw my hosts clearly, the wife of Gjlosh Marku had laid aside her work and was talking steadily, in a low, quiet voice, to the interpreter.

"She says that in all the twenty-four years they have had only one sorrow, but it is the heaviest of all sorrows to bear. Durgat Pasha took their eldest son."

Everywhere in the Albanian mountains, of course, one comes upon these traces of Durgat Pasha's passing. The songs of his attempt, with thirty thousand Turkish soldiers, to crush Albania's revolt against the Sultan, the stories of the things he did, and the remains of burnt villages, have made his name to me what it is to the Albanians—something combining the childish terror of darkness with fables of Timurlane.

"But—eleven years ago?"

"Yes. Their son was twelve years old. Durgat Pasha took him to be a soldier in the Turkish army, and whether he was killed, or is still a prisoner in

Turkey, they do not know. No word has ever come back."

Gjlosh Marku and his wife were looking at each other, not in sorrow, but in consultation. A decision passed between them. She beckoned toward the dark corner where the lamb was sleeping beside its mother, and one of the women stirred and came forward into the firelight. Yet she was not a woman, but a beautiful girl, perhaps fifteen years old. Serious, with downcast lids making black crescents of lashes in the creamy oval of her face, she stood until the woman's hand gave her permission to sit. She wore the white kerchief on her head, the white blouse and white woollen skirt of an unmarried girl; the ends of her braided black hair coiled in her lap, under her folded hands. She was as still as a nesting bird when danger is near, and as acutely intent, through her stillness, on something outside herself. The little sound of a silver chain straightening its links gave my attention the same direction as hers. Mark Gjloshi had moved, with no other sound than that, back from the circle of firelight, and his blue eyes were filled with her.

The interpreter turned to me. "She says, this is the girl to whom her lost son was betrothed. She comes from the tribe of Hoti, and they have sheltered her in this house since her people were killed when the Serbs took Hoti and Gruda. She is a good girl, strong of body and spirit; she is a good spinner and weaver, and clever with the flocks; she is a good Catholic. She is of marriageable age, and if it had not been for the wars she would now be married to the son whom Durgat Pasha took.

"Now if that son were dead, she would, of course, be married to this other son, since the marriage was arranged between the families. This other boy was five years old, but not betrothed, when Durgat Pasha came, and they have not betrothed him to anyone, because they feared that Durgat Pasha killed his brother. But they had no news; they do not know. He may perhaps be alive in Turkey; he may perhaps come back. They do not dare marry the girl to this boy here until they are sure the oldest boy will not come back. For, of course,

if he should be alive, he would then have to kill his brother. That is the Law of Lek: that the girl belongs to the man to whom her parents have betrothed her, and if another man takes her he must be killed.

"But news may never come. And the girl is of marriageable age, and so is their son. They should be married and have children, but their lives are wasted. They ask you what should they do?"

Gjlosh Marku and his wife waited for my words. The chiefs who lounged by the fire watched me with bright, expectant eyes. Mark Gjloshi was again in the firelight, imperturbably rolling a cigarette in his firm, long fingers, and the girl's eyelids fluttered.

"The boy who is gone had never seen her?"

"No; she was with her own tribe then. He was only twelve years old when Durgat Pasha took him, and naturally he would not have seen her until he was married to her." The interpreter was impatient. "That makes no difference. She was his by the Law of Lek, which must be obeyed. But it is also the Law of Lek that if he dies and leaves a brother who is not betrothed, then she must marry the brother. And it is the Law of Lek that if he is living, and any other man marries her, then his honour is blackened until he kills that man."

Desperately I rubbed my eyes, and accepted an offered cigarette. The silence continued while I smoked it.

"Tell them that I am not learned in the Law of Lek," I said. "My tribe has other laws. But, as I understand it, when a cause for blood-feud rises within a tribe, that is a matter for the chiefs of that tribe to arrange, if possible, without bloodshed. Now it seems to me that if this oldest son comes home after eleven years in Turkey he will not come for his wife. He has been of marriageable age for many years, and if his mind were set upon his wife, surely he could have escaped from Turkey during that time. So, if he comes, the chiefs of Pultit should be able to arrange the matter with him. How much was he to pay for his wife?"

"Two thousand kronen."

"Then this son would pay two thousand kronen if he married her?"

"The family would pay that much to her family. But her family is all killed now."

"But she is not killed, so she is the family. Two thousand kronen should be paid to her when she is married."

"*Po, po,*" Gjlosh Marku agreed. "That much would be spent for her clothes and for the new household."

"Then I would say: If the girl is willing to give up the two thousand kronen, let them be married, and save the two thousand kronen for a few years more. If the brother comes back, let that sum be paid to him to settle the blood-feud. And now," I said, "politeness, or no politeness, I am going to sleep."

There were some exclamations of astonishment and approval. "Glory to your lips!" the chiefs said to me, hearing my translated wisdom, but I was stretched out on the floor, falling into unconsciousness. Some time between that hour and dawn, half awakened, I felt groping hands and a braid of hair touching my cheek; the girl from the tribe of Hoti was tucking another blanket over me.

That is all. You may know those mountaineers, and, if so, you will say that this was impossible. I know all you will say: that the Albanians of the mountain tribes are betrothed in their cradles, always to the child of another tribe; that husband and wife do not meet until they are married; that their whole idea of marriage is rooted in the idea of the family tribe; that they have no faintest conception of love. All your books with their long words tell you that they cannot have that idea. Love is a new thing in the world, a part of Western civilization, a pure thing from the cold north brought by the barbarians who killed the worship of Aphrodite and Venus. Those hidden Albanian tribes, who have held their mountains and their old laws since "a hundred hundred years before the Romans came," can know nothing about love. They have no word in their language for it. All their words for emotions are concerned with war and honour. And wise men say we can have no idea for which we have no word.

I know all that. But, you see, I met Gjlosh Marku, and saw Mark Gjloshi, his son.

Praxiteles and Modern Art

By Terence Gray

THE article entitled "Anarchy in Art and Letters," in the July number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, maintains that the Hudson Memorial is a painful evidence of lack of education in the first principles of Art, and attempts to prove that all modern art is in the same category. What the article actually does prove, however, is that it is itself painful evidence of a lack of education in the first principles of History.

It is, no doubt, very pleasant to admire the "tender loveliness of Praxiteles," but when that has been the inspiration of artists for a certain number of generations, a condition is liable to be reached in which almost everything on that particular subject must appear to have been said.

A theory that would tie down art-expression to one technique is a theory that is ludicrous in the face of human history. According to such an outlook the art-expression of such an art-productive nation as the Chinese is inadmissible, because it does not spring from or follow the "tender loveliness of Praxiteles." It follows also that from such a point of view on the Chinese side, the art of Praxiteles and Phideas is inadmissible simply because it does not accord with what such a theorist might choose to call "the dreamy mysticism of Buddha." But if art were to be nationalized and stereotyped for all time in such watertight conventions the production of art would ultimately cease altogether.

The "tender loveliness of Praxiteles" itself was not a convention that existed from the beginning of time. It developed along with a national form of art-expression, like the Chinese or any other, and it had an ancestry in human culture. Greek art had its origin in Egypt. Had such a theorist maintained of old that the "tender loveliness of Praxiteles" was execrable because it had not

the personal majesty of Egyptian art, he would have been maintaining an identical position.

The Egyptian culture developed a form of art-expression in which it portrayed its yearnings towards human exaltation and the perfection of the type Man. The Greek culture commenced with the same tradition inherited from Egypt. But there is an end to the continual repetition and re-expression of any system of ideas or emotions through a single convention, and the Greek culture, as it evolved, developed a convention of its own and sought to express by means of it a view of life that differed essentially from that of its Egyptian prototype. That view and that technique flowered in the "tender loveliness of Praxiteles." But this same Greek attitude and Greek convention has had a long reign and, as in Egypt, constant repetition has exhausted inspiration and produced sterility. Evolution, proceeding by jerks, goes on another half-turn in the spiral.

A new age, having an inspiration of its own, seeking a new method of its own, is repeating history. The "tender loveliness of Praxiteles," outworn as an inspiration and as a technique, just as the personal majesty of Egyptian art became outworn, is being replaced by the power and significance of Epstein. This new inspiration and new technique necessarily becomes conscious first among the artists; it filters into the understanding of the public by slow degrees, through those who, not being artists, nevertheless are unconsciously weary of the old and find in the new something that expresses unrealized yearnings in themselves.

To such the "tender loveliness of Praxiteles" is but a matter of objective admiration, whereas the vision of Epstein is powerful, significant and revealing.

In accordance with our rule of allowing both sides to be heard, we publish this reply to the article contributed last month by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. The subject is referred to in Current Comments. —ED. E.R.

The Master and the Man

By Professor Charles Sarolea

On my return from Russia I brought with me a collection of pictures illustrating the methods of Bolshevist agitation. As 70 per cent. of the peasants and workers of Soviet Russia are illiterate, Bolshevist agitators are largely dependent on an ingenious propaganda of posters appealing to the eye. The "Capitalist" or the "Bourgeois" is generally represented as a bloated, brutal, grinning, leering monster, with a small head and a big stomach, either taking his ease in a Rolls-Royce car, or seated on a money-bag.

We may smile at the coarseness of the Bolshevist pictures, but even at home our Socialist stump orators often endeavour to evoke the same kind of symbolic representation in the minds of the workers. The Capitalist is described either as a parasite and blood-sucker, or as a beast of prey, taking the lion's share, or rather the tiger's share in any profits which may accrue from the operations of trade or industry. The victim of wage slavery, we are told, is more miserable than the mediæval serf, and the employer is more cruel and more greedy than the mediæval robber baron.

To anyone who does not allow his natural sympathies for the "underdog" to run away with his judgment, this picture of the employer as an exploiter and of the worker as a victim is a grotesque caricature. It is the very reverse of the actual truth. It is too generally forgotten that under modern economic conditions, so far from the worker being the weaker party in any labour contract, he is generally the stronger party. So far from the worker receiving less than the full economic value of his work, he generally receives a great deal more.

Modern Industrialism reveals no doubt many ugly aspects which it will have to outgrow and which it is already outgrowing. But, notwithstanding the evils which attend the present crisis of industrial growth, the fact remains that the manual worker has shared more than any other class of the community in the economic progress of the last generation. We are indeed witnessing to-day the three following strange paradoxes: first, that the skilled manual worker receives proportionately less than the unskilled worker; second, that the brain worker receives less than the manual worker; and third, that the profits of

the mere capitalist investor tend to be a dwindling quantity.

Taking first the brain workers, that is to say, the professional classes, it is an undoubted truth that those classes have benefited less from the Capitalist system than the manual workers. Consider the remuneration of the barrister, the doctor, the scientist, the author, the journalist, the artist, the clerk, the secretary; there is no proportion whatsoever between the wages earned and the services rendered, or the outlay incurred.

Mr. Ford tells us that the training of a working man in his factories takes, on an average, twenty-four hours. Yet that worker will soon earn £1 per day. The training of a professional man may take from ten to fifteen years. And after those ten or fifteen years' training, the professional man very often does not earn a living wage, nor is he in a position to establish a family.

It has to be noted that whereas the manual worker often is able to marry at twenty, the brain worker, on an average, does not marry before thirty. And not only does the brain worker not earn a living wage, but the insecurity in the so-called liberal professions is proportionately greater than amongst manual workers. The number of the failures as well as of the unemployed are enormous. There exists to-day a veritable intellectual Proletariat. At this very moment there are thousands of scientific engineers who are unable to find any work.

As for the legal profession, the Bar may offer a few glittering prizes, but if we take into account the vast numbers of barristers, their long years of unremunerative waiting, and if we remember also the large majority who never get a brief, we shall come to the conclusion that the average earnings of a barrister are very small indeed.

There is the same discrepancy between appearances and reality in the remuneration of Capital.

If we take the Capitalist as an organizer, it is obvious that he does not get, and cannot get, anything like the equivalent of the wealth which he produces. If he did receive the full value of what he produces, he would have to appropriate the bulk of the profits. For whatever Socialists may say to the contrary, it is not the manual worker, but the Capitalist as organizer who is the dynamic and creative factor in the production of wealth. It is

his work and personality which generally make all the difference between failure and success.

Take two large businesses employing an equal number of workers, say 5,000. Amongst those 5,000 workers the average of ability and of production may be assumed to be exactly the same. Yet the results will be enormously different. One of the businesses will barely pay its way, or may be on the verge of bankruptcy. The other business, which is of the same size, and which employs the same number of workers, makes a net profit, say, of £500,000 a year. By first-class management it just succeeds in securing that very small margin of profit which, in any large undertaking, makes all the difference between loss and gain. Let the management be a little less skilful and the gain will at once be turned into a big loss. As the management can unmistakably be proved to be responsible for the success, therefore, in abstract theory and in abstract justice, the management would be entitled to the whole of this £500,000. Yet the organizers and managers will be content, and can afford to be content, with only a fraction of the values which they created.

Socialist agitators will indignantly protest against the salary of £25,000 which is paid to the manager of the biggest London "Store," or against the large profits made by a Lord Leverhulme or a Henry Ford. Yet those salaries and those profits only represent, as I said, a small fraction of the economic values created.

If we pass from the "active" and "dynamic" Capitalist who is the organizer of industry, to what may be called the "passive" Capitalist, who is a mere investor, it is again a fundamental fact of political economy that the remuneration of capital investments is in inverse ratio to economic prosperity and progress. The more capital that is being produced, the less the investor Capitalist is likely to receive.

In prosperous times there is such an enormous accumulation of capital available for speculation and investment that the investor has to be satisfied with a minimum rate of interest. But the real minimum is very much lower than appears in statistical tables. For business, in periods of expansion, is essentially adventurous and experimental; it is always ready to embark on the most hazardous undertakings. We only think of the large profits of the successful undertakings, we do not

think of the much larger losses of the much more numerous unsuccessful ones.

The Suez Canal succeeded after four thousand years of vain attempts, because of the personality of that great Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps. But the Panama Canal failed, and a hundred millions sterling were lost. For one gold mining prospector who succeeds, there are always a hundred who do not.

If a complete investigation were made of the returns of all industrial investments, the average result would show a very low rate of interest, if not a net loss. And thus what is called the "law of diminishing returns" ought really to be called the "law of dwindling returns."

If we were to sum up the financial position of many a present-day capitalist, we would find that it is tending more and more to become like the position of the big landowner. The landlord appears to own a vast estate. In fact, he is only the occupant on a precarious tenure of an ancient mansion, the sorely-vexed possessor of a white elephant and the much harassed paymaster of a large body of employees. The estate itself yields but a very small income, and often the expenditure is larger than the income, with the result that thousands of the stately homes of England are being closed, and thousands of estates are being sold.

The reasons why the manual worker gets proportionately a much larger share of the wealth produced than either the brain worker, the employer, or the investor, are manifold.

(*a*) In the first place, the law of supply and demand which once used to operate against the worker, to-day is operating against the employer and the investor. As I have already said, the capital available for trade and industry has enormously increased, and can be mobilized much more easily than labour.

(*b*) In the second place, the workers have the power of numbers, and they are backed by the organization of their trade unions. The employer often has to fight his battle single-handed, and finds himself entirely at the mercy of the unions. The worker and not the employer is in a position to levy blackmail.

(*c*) In the third place, the individual worker has very little to lose, whereas the employer has everything to lose. Millions of money may be invested in his plant. There-

fore, he has to carry on even at a loss. As the result of a strike the worker only forfeits a few days of wages, and the loss is often made good by doles. On the contrary, the employer may find his whole business ruined and the accumulated savings of a generation destroyed.

(*d*) In the fourth place, the worker is economically much more unscrupulous—I only mean, of course, unscrupulous in his relations with his employer. Under the competitive system, business is generally fundamentally honest, for the simple reason that the employer in relation to the consumer cannot afford to be dishonest. In literal fact honesty in trade *is* the best policy. He has to supply the very best and cheapest article, or he would lose his custom. The worker, on the contrary, instead of giving of his best, tends to give of his poorest, and acts more and more on the principle of "ca'canny."

(*e*) Last, but by no means least, the worker has behind him the power of the vote. Often he is supported by the might and majesty of the State. The employer not only surrenders voluntarily to the worker 50 per cent. of the profits which he might legitimately claim, but in addition he often involuntarily has to surrender 60 or 70 per cent. of the remaining profits in taxation to the State. It is of the very essence of modern Democracy that the taxes are voted and spent by those who have not to pay them.

The more you examine the realities of the present economic and political situation, the more you are driven to accept the conclusion which I stated at the beginning of this article, that in any labour contract, it is no longer the worker who is the weaker party, rather is he the stronger party. The worker may still be called the servant of the employer, in reality he is the master. And the mastery, as often happens, is rapidly degenerating into tyranny.

There is, however, an obvious limit to that tyranny. Both the human factors—the moral law and the economic law—sooner or later reassert themselves. A time necessarily comes when the responsibility, the worries, and the risks of carrying on a big business, are so multitudinous that the employer prefers to close his business and to transfer both his capital and his ability to more favoured countries.

That process has already begun. At this very moment we are witnessing a startlingly rapid transference of economic power from Great Britain to Germany and from the Old World to the New.

The Vicar's Holiday "Supply"

A Village Sketch

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C.

THE Vicar of Carthorne has gone on his annual holiday to "furrin parts," and we have in his stead what Mrs. Thompson describes as "a local teener." Frankly, he has not been a success—at least not in the eyes of the Carthorne sewing-meeting ladies. "Too young, too bold, too high an' over-dressed in the chetch, an' too low an' under-dressed outside it," is a summary of the lengthy and varied indictment which has been preferred against him. Even some of the chapel folk have found occasion to shake their heads in pious awe at "the goings on at the chetch and on the village green," and if Mary Thompson had known exactly the whereabouts of the vicar she threatened she would, as a matter of duty, telegraph for him to return immediately to save the parish from further scandal and danger. One incident followed close on the heels of another to bring the *locum tenens* into the searching limelight of the Carthorne gossips. We pricked our ears when we heard of "bows" being made to the altar each time the clergyman passed it, and of candles being lighted "in the blazing sunlight." Moreover, there were those who shook their heads because "the young man" (as they called him) wore "a different coloured thing on his back to what the vicar does," and "summat round his neck what the vicar *doesn't* wear." True the candles had been on the altar time out of count, and no one gave them a thought, but to light them!—that was another matter, albeit a serious matter. Those who are never seen inside Carthorne church, except at weddings and funerals, had most to say regarding the "bowings" and candle lighting. They were quite convinced that we were all in a fair way for being "spirited off to the Pope of Rome," and there was a general feeling of relief when it became

known that Mrs. Thompson had extracted a "solemn oath" from one of the church "warners" that if the candles were lighted at night he'd go up without any ifs or buts, and without making any scene, and blow them out. The evening congregation was unusually large, but whether the "supply parson" had been given a hint that we were not "eddicated up to the lighted candle pitch" I am not in a position to say. Be this as it may there were no lights, or, to be more accurate, no lighted lights, on the altar, so Jonathan Richards was spared the fulfilment of his promise. There were no complaints regarding the preaching of "the young kewrit," it being generally conceded that he "spak up well, without onny humming or hawing—and all out of his head, too." This one indiscretion regarding the candles could not, however, be forgotten. It shook the confidence of the old standards. It was suggested that "he'd mebbe never been telled that they were nobbut for ornament," but even the tolerant and charitable ones could find no excuse for the "bowings" and the strange coloured hood and stole. They were bound to admit that the vicar had "no manner of right to saddle them for a month with a young man who was despret high chetch, if not warse." Now, though Carthorne doesn't quite know what "high chetch" stands for, they are fully convinced that it is something mysterious, requiring a "vast of practice to be properly up in it." They have a hazy idea that somewhere behind the glare of many candles, clouds of incense, seas of holy water, and a curtain of coloured vestments and banners, the "Pope of Rome" is secreted, almost as one seeking whom he may devour. Carthorne is essentially conservative, and a suspicious head is shaken at innovations. Even the singing by the choir of a four-fold "Amen," which had hitherto been said—once and finished with !—by the congregation, was sufficient to arouse the indignation of many and almost to compel them to seek their spiritual comfort elsewhere. "Folks don't like to have such things sprung on 'em," said Mrs. Thompson. "You don't know where you is in religion when a hamen which has always been said among us is taken out of our very mouths, so to speak, an' made a sort of musical hargument of by the choir."

But if "the young kewrit" caused some little consternation by his actions in church, he occasioned more by his conduct outside. Ere we had fully recovered from the lighting of the candles, Mrs. Thompson arrived breathless at old Betty's shop with the information that "seeing is believing, an' believe me, or believe me *not*, I've just seen the young kewrit in the village street, without his hat on, a-smoking of a great yaller clay pipe, an' playing football with the school-lads." The members of the morning conference at the little shop looked from one to the other speechless, and dumbfounded at the announcement. A minister of religion, one temporarily responsible for the care and cure of Carthorne souls, so far to forget his duty towards God and his neighbour, not to mention his dignity, as to play with the village boys in the village street! Was it a clear case of lunacy, or had the holiday-making vicar been duped and deceived into handing over the parish to a wolf in sheep's clothing?

"I calls it the most unbecominginest and undecentest thing whatever I've seen or heeard tell on," continued Mrs. Thompson, craning her neck to look round the mint bullet bottle down the village street. "He's at it yit," she announced, "the bad, wicked man! He's not fit to be a parson among Christian, respectable folks like us. His job is missionaryin' amang heathen savages what doesn't know what's what nor who's who. I for one shall let our parson know what I thinks of him fetchin' sich a man amang us to scannellize us in this way an' ho'd the chetch up to nowt but ridicule for them what's all too ready t' mak' gam' on it."

But worse still was to follow. An athlete, fond of boys, and of football, "the young man" had speedily won the hearts of the village lads, and got them to "pick sides" for a match which he offered to referee. That, in itself, would merely have gently fanned the flame of increasing indignation which he had unwittingly and unconsciously aroused, but when he was seen running towards the village green in a sweater and white "shorts" —well, that was the climax! Then was it Mary Thompson felt that the vicar should be "wired for immediate." He called at Betty's on his way to the green for a box

of matches, and in the course of much subsequent discussion our village storekeeper frankly admitted that she was "dropped on and took back." "It put me all in a tremmell," she said, "an' I had one hot sweat after another, an' no more knew what I was a-doin' of than a billy-goat in a greenhouse. There he stood, with his legs all naked, as bold as brass, an' not a blush on his cheek, or a sign of shame nohow. I was clean flabbergasted an' stagnated, an' knocked a wole box o' clothes-pegs down while fummellin' about tryin' to find the matches which I couldn't think where I'd putten 'em. However, I *did* say to him: 'You'll excuse me, but I think you're in a fair way for catchin' the pewmony or your death o' caud, an' I'm sure it's not fit weather to gan bathin' an' swimmin' an' sike like yet.' 'I'm not goin' bathin',' says he, laughing,.'we've a footballin' match on an' I'm rather late now.' Wi' that he bollts out as though ten thousand devils was after him, an' sets off runnin' again like mad. Mebbe he thowt I should have some more to say to him about comin' into a respectable shop in sich a indelicate condition, but I can't say."

All Carthorne saw "the young man" with what they described as "bairn's breeches" on, and it was generally agreed that no one had ever seen "owt like it—a preacher of the gospel, a parson, and an eddicated man to so far lower himself with sich indecency."

Rachel Raby had heard of "them there absent-minded folks wo forgets what they're a-doin' of, an' sometimes comes out in straw hats in a snowstorm, or holding a poker up for an umberell," but she'd never heard of anyone who went direct from the bathroom or their beds to a football match without completing their toilet. "The vicar wears them there py-jammers," she said, "but no one's catched sight of them except on weshing days, an' even then they're kept well back an' private, an' they *are* full-sized uns, an' not little bits o' scratting things what doesn't reach down to the knees like what the young man's is."

"It's all the craze now for men and lads in towns to gan half-naked on a Saturday," said Martha Richardson. "When I was staying in Leeds there was a party of young men dashed down the road when there was thousands of

folks about, and all they had on was a pair o' bathing drawers and a little vest. I saw 'em first, and I said to me sister: 'Ton your head away sharp, here's a lot of naked lads coming.' I was that ingusted and 'shamed I didn't know where to put meself, and I thought nothing but what the pollis was after 'em. Our Mary Jane only laughed, and said: 'Them's the harriers—that's all they are.' So I've wondered if the kewrit is a harrier when he's at home. There's no tellin' what a young man who'll light cannells on the altar, and go about singing and whistling without a hat on, *will* belong to. He's mebbe a Freemason or somethink of that there for all we know."

"Mebbe he is, an' mebbe he isn't either a harrier, which I always thought was a hound dog, or a Freemason," said Mary Thompson, "but I for one cannot bring myself to sit under a minister of the Scripters who so far forgets his manners an' the Chetch of England religion, an' is so indecent as to upset the feelings of a wole parish by sich low, lewd an' unproper conduc'. I knows what things belongs an' Carthorne chetch will not see *me* for one to-morrow. No! I couldn't be preached at an' prayed to by a person what's shown his indelicacy an' his bare legs i' public like what some of us to our sorrow an' shame have seen this day. Now mark my words, we haven't heeard the last on it, an' if I'm not very much mistaken we shall all be summonsed up to York Minster to be witnesses in this scannell when it gets out—which I shall see it *does* get out."

On the following Tuesday the Carthorne sewing meeting ladies assembled in the schoolroom with hard, hyper-Puritanical faces. Each knew intuitively what was uppermost in the mind of the other, for Carthorne was in a ferment. Mary Thompson was not long in opening the inevitable discussion with an announcement as to her intentions and views thus:

"If that there young man what's taking duty at the chetch (an' not *doing* of it!) shows his face in this room at this sewin' meetin' I for one will not soil my eyes by looking at him, but will either get up and walk stryght out, or give him a piece of my mind. I consider his conduct since he's been here diss-graceful—over-dressin'

folks to Rome in the pulpit, and underdressin' in public to the shame of every right-minded an' decent female woman. No woman what calls herself a lady and a christian can consider him fit company for respectable folks, or a suitable person to sit under in the chetch—them's *my* sentiments!"

"The young man's only here for a month," said old Betty pacifically; "we haven't him for reggler, so what I says is, let's mak' the best on him so long as he doesn't do nothink more outrage-eous than the indecency what he's showed parading of his bare legs in public."

"He *couldn't*," broke in Mary Thompson; "drunkenness an' idolatry in the eyes of God an' man is not more outrage-eous, an' I don't care wo hears me say it!"

"Let me finish," expostulated Betty. "I've allus heard tell that these high chetch clergymen dressed different to other parsons. Some wears queer little square caps, some goes about in things like lace-trimmed bed-jackets, an' some wi' coloured silk cloaks like the heathen Chinese. This young man is mebbe not so high up in his chetch ways as some, or it may be he hasn't got all the different cloaks gathered together yet, or isn't qualified to use 'em. We musn't sit in judgment on the poor young man, for doesn't the Scripters say somethink about taking no thought what ye shall put on?"

"Mebbe it does," said Rachel Raby, "but it doesn't excuse folks for presenting of theirselves in public half naked. All I can say is that if you wasn't 'shamed at the sight we saw on Saturday I blushes for you. Neither high priests nor low priests has a right to appear as that young man did nowhere's else except in the sea or a bathing machine at Scarborough, so don't say nothink about the lilies in the field to me. I agrees with Mary Thompson that if the kewrit wenters into this room—no matter how he's putten on in the way of clothes—those who vallies their good name will get up an' walk out."

"I don't think you need consarn yourselves about him coming here," said Lizzie Leckonby, "for he's gone fleeing off somewhere on George Brown's motter-cycle, which he's hired for the afternoon."

"Do you mean for to say that he rides one o' them

things?" asked old Betty in a tone which suggested that if this *was* the case then the final straw had been thrown into the scale against him. "Apperiently," replied Lizzie, "or else Geordie wadn't have been sich a feeal as to let him gan galavanting off on his."

"Well!" ejaculated Betty, "that caps all. To think that we're a-harbouring amongst us a man wo is supposed to point the way to kingdom come and wo is so worldly as to get astride of a motter-bike and scour the country disguised in blinkers and likely muffled up like a Heskimo! One day wi' nowt much more on than a newborn babe an' the next donned up like a hexplorer; though, mind you, I'm saying nothink agen hexplorers, never having known one personal."

"When I may be allowed to speak," remarked Mrs. Thompson reprovingly, "I want to name something else. Is it right an' proper for a kewrit, apart altogether from other scannellous things which has been fetched up, to say to one of those, wo, for the time being, is in his flock: 'Hello! my old cock angel?' Is them words which the Harchbishop of York, the rewrill dean, or, for that matter, our vicar would 'prove of? Are they becoming, delicate, civil, an' proper, coming out of the mouth of a man what wears a black coat? Lizzie Leckonby might think so as I see her sitting and sniggering. They may be words they use and she hears at the chapel, but never in all my experience—and I was brought up chetch and fetched up respectable on the pianner—have I heard such a come out from one who calls himself a gentleman, let alone one who is in the chetch—by which I means *the* chetch, Elizabeth Leckonby. I'm not sitting here and telling no lies, for it was to one of our Susan's lads he said it as the bairn was coming out of their front door. I'll own up he went out in sich a fullock he varry nigh knocked the kewrit down, but that doesn't excuse no one for speaking of holy Bible things as 'cock angels,' which I considers most *im*-proper."

"Blast-pheemious!" ejaculated Rachel Raby.

"Mrs. Thompson," began Lizzie Leckonby slowly, "you've chozzen to delude to me in that there speech of yours, an' you've also chozzen to drag the chappill into

your skitting remarks. I'd have you know that we neither speaks nor sings of either cock angels nor hen angels at the chappill, an' once an' for all I'd also have you know that you're not the only one in this company what's been fetched up on the pianner. All I can say is that when a person's varry nigh knocked over suddent like, they may say things which they're sorry for after, an' which they woundn't say in a calm way of speakin'. Now if the young man what there's been so much talk about, an' wom the bairns in the village seems to idolize, had stooden up in the pulpit and said: 'You're all a lot of cock angels,' or if he stooden up an' said: 'There's certain parties here what's illifying, scannellizing, unchristian back-biters,' then I could have understooden you being vexed an' putten about, though I don't say as part of it wouldn't have been true. 'Cock angel' is, mebbe, only a friendly way of speaking where the young man comes from. He's likely not long from college, an' I've seen picters of these college men wi' their knees bare an' towels round their necks, so there can't be no law again it. I'm sapperised at Mary Thompson makking sich a fuss about it when she's allus saying that she an' the parson is the only ones in the village what takes a daily paper an' knows all that's going on. For all we know the young man may be mixed up in some way with the Boy Scourts."

"Now that'll be it!" broke in old Betty, as though new light had dawned. "He'll be yan o' the Boy Scouts we had camping here last summer. They all had bare legs an' little bits of short breeches on, what was scarce breeches at all." This put a new complexion on the matter. Nevertheless, Carthorne has not felt quite sure what the young man would do next, and will be relieved when the vicar returns to duty again so that we may all know "what's what and where we are, so to speak."

Some Present-day Conceptions of Cancer

By Wanless Dickson, M.B., F.R.C.S.

In spite of world-wide interest and research, the cause of cancer still lies in mystery. With many diseases one can, at least, say that they are or are not due to an infection. This cannot be done with cancer, as our knowledge at present does not permit of it. Some of the highest authorities on the subject of cancer research will not admit that there is even a possibility of cancer, and malignant growths in general, being due to an infection. I venture to think this is a passing phase. There are fashions in medicine as in all things. With the progress of civilization we have discarded such theories to account for cancer as the possession by demons, black magic, and the like, but at one time even these were held as amongst the undoubted causes.

Many brilliant minds have addressed themselves to the problem of the elucidation of the cause or causes of malignant disease, and equally brilliant theories have been propounded by them. In most cases these theories fail, in one or more of the essential details, to account for the facts as they are now known. Presently certain aspects of the question relevant to our title will be presented in this article. Let me set forth some points for consideration, which can be understood without the necessity for the technical education of the medical profession.

I am dealing here with cancer as such, and not with other malignant conditions, which may or may not be closely related to it, in cause and effect. Broadly speaking, cancer is a disease of middle and post-middle life. The later in life that it occurs the less speedy are its fatal results. If seen early enough, diagnosed and properly treated, many forms of cancer are definitely curable. Emphasis, and again more emphasis, is to be

laid on the need for the very earliest possible recognition, so that no time whatever may be lost in the commencement of treatment. It would be wise for all people over forty to have periodic and systematic physical examination, by a member of the medical profession, so as to exclude the presence of a cancerous condition, just on a par with the having of one's teeth overhauled by a dental surgeon to mitigate later difficulties.

Cancer is not a disease of the human race alone, but its ravages are found in many representatives of the vast Biological Phylum Vertebratum. It is found in fishes, in mammals of the herbivorous and carnivorous orders, in the omnivorous animals, in the anthropoid apes, etc. It is obvious, therefore, that a cause or causes common to all should be considered in searching out the instigating factor of this malady. Recently Mr. Ellis Barker brought out a book dealing with cancer, which book, I think, should be of great help to the world at large, not as a guide to the prevention of cancer, but as a means of restoring a better general health to the people who undoubtedly eat too much and deleteriously. If it be the contention that the eating of meat is the cause of cancer, and the eating of non-animal food a preventive, will this school of thought kindly explain why herbivors, which eat no meat, present undoubted cancerous lesions? Many of the old theories regarding the causation of cancer, which have been propounded by scientists in a scientific way and on a scientific basis, are no longer held by the faculty as being really serious explanations of the condition.

Various poisons produced by microbic activity, such as foci of infection of a septic nature, like pyorrhœa alveolaris, chronic constipation and allied deteriorators of health, have all been blamed for being the cause of this disease. Non-microbic poisons, such as creosote, coal-tar, paraffin, sugar, soot, and many others have likewise come under the ban of the profession.

Agencies which produce constant and repeated irritations, as from a jagged tooth, a clay pipe, repeated ingestion of too hot food and drink, the use of a charcoal burner by Orientals for maintenance of bodily heat or relief of rheumatic pains, have all been put down at

various times as the cause of the cancers which they would seem to have produced.

There are certain disturbances of endocrine glands, which would rather tend to make one feel that their rôle in the causation of cancer should be elucidated and be the subject of an intensified research. People who are suffering from an actual excess of thyroid secretion, for example, have not, in my experience, ever shown any concomitant cancerous growth, whilst that excess persisted. This may be a coincidence, and may not be the experience of others, but it is strongly suggestive.

There is a vast group of investigators at present who seem intent to ignore and repudiate the mere possibility of there being a definite microbic cause for cancer. The open-minded investigators are in no wise averse to the consideration of this extrinsic cause of cancer, and at the present time there is a concerted attempt, particularly on the North American Continent, with headquarters in New York and Toronto, to investigate the micro-parasitic evidence for and against micro-organic causation. A definite organism has been found associated with the cancer of mice and some other animals. This organism has been grown outside the body on special culture media. Many of its physical and biological characteristics are known, and there is, in all probability, some very convincing evidence yet to be produced, showing that this organism is very closely associated with the production of cancer. One awaits with the keenest interest further reports.

I humbly venture to submit the opinion that, when the final verdict, based on indisputable facts, is arrived at, and the cause of cancer definitely known, it will be found that there is a basis of endocrine derangement or disfunction, perhaps not quite, but very nearly, as important as the superimposed micro-parasitic infection, which will have been proclaimed the cause of cancer. The various other agencies already discussed, such as poisons from diseased gums, chronic constipation, coal-tar, and other occupational cancers, do play their parts, no doubt, in the manifestations of this form of malignant disease, but I am unable to subscribe to the doctrine that they are sufficient to explain the phenomena.

The question of heredity, the contagiousness, the presence of cancer houses, the geographical distribution and many other interesting considerations, are not sufficiently understood or known to warrant an opinion. They may have an influence. Some evidence would seem to point in that direction but there is equally convincing evidence to the contrary. In the present state of our knowledge, we cannot say that heredity and those other factors in the list which follow that word above, have been definitely demonstrated to be cancer producers. From the layman's point of view the cause of cancer is not so important as the fact of cancer. Make sure that you, as an individual reader, have not this malady, and do it without any element of apprehension. Be overhauled by your own doctor periodically with this in view. You will thereby save yourself much worry and anxiety if you are fortunately not a cancerous person. If you are one you are bound to have the condition recognized in its early phases, and have the great advantage which an early recognition gives, for remember, that in many cases an early appreciation of the existence of the lesion means its total cure, when the appropriate treatment is accepted; that where complete cure cannot be expected, years of comfort and enjoyment may be looked for, and the extremely distasteful and horrifying aspects which accompany untreated cases may be quite avoided. The great hope is early recognition.

This article was received some weeks before the report of the Medical Research Council was published in the "Lancet" on the 18th July. It will be seen that Dr. Wanless Dickson's forecast of the probable line of discovery was remarkably accurate.

Next month we shall publish an authoritative article upon the researches of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard.—ED. E.R.

Vaccination

A Reply to Dr. Hadwen

By Dr. L. C. Dundas Irvine

If ever one had had any doubt of the truth of the proverb, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," that doubt would have been for ever destroyed by reading Dr. Hadwen's answer to my appeal for universal vaccination. His answer so bristles with errors of fact as well as of deduction, that, putting aside, as out of the question, insincerity, of which, like Dr. Hadwen, "I accuse no one," one is only left aghast at the extreme danger of superficial knowledge.

First of all Dr. Hadwen states that smallpox has no death rate, and then a little later, to prove another contention, states that in the army, he does not say when or where, there were 3,953 cases of smallpox with 391 deaths—one in ten. Smallpox then must sometimes be fatal!

He then goes on to give the figures for some other infectious diseases, viz. measles, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria and influenza, which I agree with him are terrible. The difference is this: smallpox is a preventable disease, preventable by vaccination—there is no need to have any. Measles, pneumonia and scarlet fever have so far defied our attempts to prevent them. Diphtheria at last has yielded up its secret and can be prevented; it can now be stated of this, as of smallpox, that *no* child need ever have an attack of this scourge. Influenza can be beaten. During the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918 I was in intimate contact with a young medical man who had charge of 5,000 men. By working extremely hard he managed with the help of his assistants to inoculate them all, and of his 5,000 he only lost two. *Two* out of 5,000 from a disease that was carrying off young and vigorous men, for a few weeks, faster than all the German shells and bullets!

Dr. Hadwen remonstrates in a friendly way with the Public Vaccinator at Chesterfield for earning £53 in a few hours. I am glad to hear that there were sufficient people with the sense to come and receive protection. But for Dr. Hadwen's misguided teaching, that £53 would not have required to have been crammed into a few hours,

but would have been spread out over several months, and there might have been no epidemic.

Exception is taken of course to the firmly-established fact that the infectious diseases are caused by germs. Quite what is supposed to cause them, to make them run in epidemics, to have a constant incubation period, to have symptoms in common as they all have, I have not made out, and we are not told here, but let us take the list of diseases that I mentioned in my first appeal, and which Dr. Hadwen answered in detail. First, let me say that in order to make sure that I made no statement that was not absolutely correct I consulted one of the expert staff of the University College Hospital—a man who has spent his professional life in earnest, careful and thorough work on germs.

Tuberculosis.—Dr. Hadwen states that the tubercle bacillus "has never been found in the earliest stages of the disease." That Dr. Muthu found it absent in 30 per cent. of his cases. That two families of similar bacilli, the Timothy grass and Smegma bacilli "could not be distinguished by any test from the reputed genuine germ."

Dr. Hadwen is wrong both in his first and last fact, and in his reading of Dr. Muthu's book. The tubercle bacillus is very often the first definite thing in an early case of consumption of the lungs and the sputum can be found teeming with them before any active sign can be found clinically. In later cases it is true that the tubercle bacillus is often very difficult to find, as the diseased lung has become the seat of secondary infection, and the cavities are crowded with the ordinary pus-forming germs and the original tubercle bacilli are few in number. Dr. Muthu said that he had failed to find tubercle bacilli *in the sputum* in 30 per cent. of his cases, he never said or dreamt of saying that he could not find it *in the lung*. Anyone reading his book with care and a knowledge of the subject would have understood that. To say that the Timothy grass and Smegma bacilli, both absolutely harmless, cannot be distinguished from the tubercle bacillus, is an amazing error. Any first year student can tell you that the two former are so easy to grow on culture media in the laboratory, that twenty-four hours will give you a dense growth. Tubercle, on the other hand, is very difficult, and takes from four to six weeks under favourable

conditions. There are other differences as well but that one is easy enough and simple enough to differentiate between them in twenty-four hours.

Diphtheria.—Dr. Hadwen here confines himself to acknowledged facts. He states that the diphtheria bacillus can be found in healthy throats, and that its discoverers, Klebs and Loffler, in 1883 and 1884, found it absent in 25 per cent. of cases.

Certainly the Klebs-Loffler bacillus can be found in healthy throats. A large number of people, fortunately, are immune to diphtheria. The anti-bodies that Dr. Hadwen scoffs at—and which I shall deal with presently—are present in their blood. Loffler also failed to find it in 25 per cent. of diphtheritic membrane. The so-called diphtheritic membrane is sometimes formed by other germs. The pneumobacillus, streptococcus, staphylococcus, amongst them. But in such cases the dreaded diphtheritic paralysis is absent—they are not diphtheria at all, although the throat appearance is similar.

Typhoid.—Dr. Hadwen next states that "the typhoid bacillus is the common inhabitant of every alimentary canal." He also states that Dr. Thresh drank a wineglassful of typhoid bacilli *in pure culture* without harm.

The typhoid bacillus is not a common inhabitant in any intestinal canal. Apart from actual sufferers from typhoid, it is only found occasionally in typhoid carriers who always give a history of a previous attack. The bacilli have taken up their abode and can be demonstrated usually in the gall bladder, whence they occasionally escape into the intestinal canal. Where Dr. Hadwen got his statement from goodness only knows. One would hesitate to say that he invented it. Dr. Thresh probably did drink a wineglassful of typhoid germs. As any laboratory boy could tell him, typhoid germs grown in pure culture for any length of time lose their virulence and have to pass through the body again to recover it.

Tetanus.—We are this time informed that Bienstock swallowed tetanus bacilli for three weeks without getting tetanus, and that tetanus and gas gangrene bacilli washed clean and injected are harmless.

Bienstock was absolutely safe so long as there was no sore or broken skin in his mouth. The tetanus bacillus which *is* a common inhabitant of the intestinal canal of

horses can only get an entry into the human being though a wound. It was the highly cultivated land of Flanders which caused such a severe percentage of fatal tetanus in our wounded soldiers, until sufficient anti-tetanic serum was available for every wounded soldier to have a dose, when the mortality from tetanus dropped enormously. Of course, tetanus and gas gangrene bacilli washed clean and injected are innocuous, so are very many others. When Dr. Leonard Hill stated that in his report, he was merely tabulating knowledge, some of which was well-known. For Dr. Hadwen to take one item isolated from its context, would, in a less earnest man, be considered a *suggestio falsi*.

Anthrax.—Dr. Hadwen goes back to 1906 for his authority that anthrax cannot always be found in cases of "malignant pustule." Since then new methods have been discovered of staining bacilli and now we find after the first twenty-four hours, when the temperature of the patient first begins to rise, that the bacilli can be found in the blood in such numbers that one wonders that there is room for the blood corpuscles.

Next, we come to what Dr. Hadwen calls the "fantastic Metchnikoffian theory of phagocytosis."

The ingestion of germs by blood corpuscles is so easily demonstrated that Dr. Hadwen can see it at any time in any laboratory. It is quite true that anti-bodies cannot be seen, but their action in causing the paralytic grouping of, say, typhoid bacilli, can be seen by the naked eye. Also, how will Dr. Hadwen explain the fact that if two rabbits are taken and one is given an injection of anti-diphtheritic serum and both are given an injection of diphtheria germs from the same culture at the same moment the unprotected one dies in a few hours of diphtheritic paralysis, while the other one takes no harm?

But Dr. Hadwen really goes too far. He challenges Pasteur's work on rabies. Pasteur "institutes" are scattered the wide world over, to give the antirabitic serum. The lives they have saved must run into hundreds of thousands; everywhere where the dog is liable to contract hydrophobia—the very natives know more than he!—they go as quickly as they can to the nearest institute for free treatment. In most cases the attack is prevented, in some it comes on in a modified form and

they recover; in a very few it is too late, and the unhappy victim dies in agony.

All this, however, is a long way from vaccination though germane to the discussion, for the whole structure of the prevention of infectious diseases by the immunization of the body, natural, or acquired, is based upon the science of bacteriology, a science devoted to the study of those primitive forms of animal and vegetable life whose continued existence is dependent upon a host that shall nourish and sustain them, sometimes to his benefit, but more often to his loss.

When the late Lord Lister began his great revolutionary work—a work which was bitterly and indignantly opposed by Dr. Hadwen's predecessors—he realized the presence of germs as a cause of disease before anyone had ever seen them. He started to battle against them by the use of the carbolic spray, and completely altered, almost in one moment, the entire aspect of surgery.

The advance of knowledge has shown that in conditions where it is possible, it is better to strive for asepsis than antisepsis. It is better to take such precautions that, humanly speaking, there are no germs at an operation, than to allow the germs to be present and to kill them with antiseptics. The reason is simple, though Dr. Hadwen professes to find it strange. Put broadly, it is this, that antiseptics are fatal to all primitive forms of life, that the tiny cellular structures that go together to form our bodies are primitive forms of life. Consequently, in sterilizing a wound one kills as well as the germs, enormous masses of cells, which, before they are discharged from the wound, form an ideal breeding ground for even one single germ that hidden, may have escaped the destruction of the others and will, with an amazing rapidity, repopulate the wound. This is the cause of the opposition to antiseptics "shared by Sir Almroth Wright, Chadwick, and his followers," that Dr. Hadwen finds so strange. Of course, asepsis is better than antisepsis—prevention is better than cure.

I am finally going to quote the extract from Sir Edwin Chadwick, in which Dr. Hadwen finds so much comfort, again:

"Smallpox, typhus, and other fevers occur in common conditions of foul air, stagnant putrefaction, bad house

drainage, sewers of deposit, excrement-sodden sites, filthy street surfaces, impure water and overcrowding, and the entire removal of such conditions is the effectual preventive of diseases of these species, whether in ordinary or extraordinary visitations."

Quite so, Dr. Hadwen. Prevention again is better than cure—but why, oh why, are these things—the "excrement-sodden sites," etc., the causes of disease? What is the connecting link? Why does one case of typhoid, where the sewerage is allowed to foul the drinking water cause an outbreak? Because of the bacteria that flourish in filthy, stagnant surroundings, with their moisture and their heat. Because it is possible, nay, easy, in overcrowded tenements with impure water, with lice and fleas as common parasites, for the germs of disease to pass from one victim to the next.

Fables, Dr. Hadwen calls these incontrovertible facts, and thereby disposes of them; but facts are facts and the need of a better understanding and knowledge of them by lay men and women is urgent. Dr. Hadwen and his poor misguided followers are fortunately in most things, harmless, but in this matter of vaccination which, tracing Dr. Hadwen in his blind stumbling past the truth, I have hardly mentioned in this answer, the procrastination of busy men, the natural fears of women for their children, in a matter which is only too rarely properly explained, have supplied him with an enormous following. Statistics, as those who read Dr. Hadwen's article realize, can be made to prove anything. I have, therefore, avoided them. If Dr. Hadwen wants them, I will give them to him. Here are the statistics of the death rate in diphtheria, showing the rapid rise when inoculation with anti-diphtheritic serum has not been prompt. They are taken from the reports of the M.A.B. hospitals.

Mortality rate of patients inoculated: On the first day, 4·6; second day, 14·8; third day, 26·2; fourth day, 25·1; fifth day and after, 35·7.

A mortality of 4·6 of those inoculated on the first day —rapidly rising to 35·7 for those whose inoculation was postponed to the fifth day and after! Dr. Hadwen, where's your syringe? Get it quick, lest lives that could have been saved slip through your fingers. Alas! that so much blind, eager folly could exist.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

British Films.

"Holy Smoke!" said Sergeant Murphy, "that was a grand thrick the Yankees played. There was the British Army—at least, a piece of it—dhrawn up in full marchin' ordher. Up comes a fellah carryin' a tin box. 'Parade, 'Shun! Pre—sent arms.' Thin the battalion or whatever it was comes up to London and escorts the goggle-eyed fellah with a fillum——"

"Don't know what you think, Sarn't," said Heddle, "I call it a low-down piece of business. The blighter ought to be ashamed of himself for——"

"Sure, what are you talkin' about? Would you blame a goose for hissin'? Am I libellin' your cat if I say it spits in public? What the divil more do you expect from a pig but a grunt or vulgarty from the man that makes a forchin sellin' it? The Yankee has won the thrick—he's won a good many lately. Let him dhraw the stakes and injye thim.

"Besides, we've given our friends and timporary allies, the Americans, excuses enough for thinkin' that we wouldn't begridge the highest honours to annythin' in the cinema line they cared to thrust on us. Whinever the Pickfords, or the Talmadges, or the Chaplins in the course of their royal tour of Europe decide to include this counthry in their list you could walk on the heads of the worshippers outside their hotel every evenin'. The papers are full of thrillin' articles on 'Pola Nazimova on Shyness, or Gardens, or Beauty, or The Modesty of True Greatness'; Lord Mayors thrip over their swords welcomin' the world's favourites; and the only reason why our condescindin' visitors don't receive the freedom of every town in the counthry is because the donors have ginerally forgotten that the U.S.A. have adopted the gold standard in everythin', even frindship, and that it's an affront to the heroes and heroines of a thousand fillums to ask them to load themselves with palthry silver caskets, such as they give as tips to nigger barbers in the States. So tactfully they sidestep the offer, and the city council erases the name on the casket and makes overchoors to Lloyd George or Lady Astor to take it second-hand.

"But whin all's said and done, we've got to think of the younger gineration and what the American fillums have done for them.

"Every other week some captain of industhry or somebody with '& Co.' after his name writes to the papers to complain that his office-boy can't spell knife or calculate five yards at wan-and-eleven-three, and he asks what is the counthry spindin' tens of millions a year on education for.

"By way of conthrast look at the palthry few millions that the amazin' education, given be the cinema de lucks, exthracts from our pockets.

"There the young person learns the naked truth about the fascinatin' problem of divorce in the U.S.A., the correct way in which to dhraw a six-shooter whin the occasion does or does not warrant it, and how the journey from log cabin to White House may be speeded up be the judicious use of graft. Thin the sub-titles show him the grand possibilities of the English language as perverted be a Cherokee negroid Polish Jew in New York. He learns, too, that for nineteen scenes out of twinty a man may be a blackmailer, swindler, bully, coward, bigamist, and what not, but if in the twintieth his eyes fill with tears at the sight of his old home or his mammy, everything is forgiven him and the heroine with a little sigh of happiness reaches for his neck—with the best of motives.

"Moreover, for fear the young audience should grow up with some silly pride about their own counthry, they're shown what a back number it is, poor and sinkin' to its doom, full of jukes and the like, wearin' the Ordher of the Garter at golf and a hat in a lady's dhrawin' room.

"D'ye wondher that the growin' gineration turn away from school education and say, 'America ain't got no education, but look at her dollars!'"

"We ought to have British films," remarked Heddle.

"We ought," said the Sergeant, "and we will—some day. But remember: 'Whose bread I eat, his song I sing.' British fillums will be coming into their own some day—say sixty years hince."

"Why sixty years hence?"

"We'll thin—with luck—have paid off the American debt. After that we'll be able to call our souls our own."

Ave, Frater Immortalis!

By E. B. W. Chappelow

Nunc tamen interea hæc, prisco quæ more parentum
Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

CATULLUS.

THY name among the dead, whom first I met,
Glad and serene, in boyhood's morning song,
A spirit of friendliness untried as yet
By dulling sorrow or by keen-edged wrong!
Thy name, O my first friend, forgotten long
In separate paths, recalls to my sad ears
Voices now still; old songs and laughter throng
My heavy heart with thoughts of the dead years,
Thoughts that touch some hidden fount of tears.
Turn back, O Time, thy wheel and let me stand
A happy boy once more among my peers,
Amid the sunlit laughter of the land,
Sauntering with him whom Death, alas, now claims
Along the quiet reaches of the Thames.

A golden haze hangs over that dim time,
Rounding the rough, until I only see
A shining splendour meet for wingèd rhyme,
Songs high and holy in thy memory,
I who but have for memory of thee
A few poor boyhood's years whereof to sing,
Nor saw thee since nor was it given to see
Thee in the beauty of thy blossoming.
But this I know: that every little thing
Which made thee dear, the love thy high heart gave,
Grew and waxed strong, sent thee adventuring,
A perfect knight, to an untimely grave.
Aye, but therefrom rises continually
A passionate fragrance which can never die!

Passionate and fragrant, a whole world of dreams,
Visions unrealized, a wild sweet scent

Of veritable rose wildernesses seems
To issue from thy grave, Love's sacrament,
An elevated rose-hued monstrance sent
To light us when we come to that dark way
Thy bright intrepid spirit blithely went—
Thine and Death's sombre Angel's reckoning day.
Death's—ah, too craven-hearted—sang I? Nay,
Thine and Life's bridals. There's but empty dust
Under the silver wind-blown grass, display
Of Death's great impotence. No flickering gust
Of his could quench *thy* steady altar flame,
Brother, my brother—Thou are yet the same!

The same, for Death is his own conqueror.
At the ultimate stroke, like an ascending song
From the sun-steeped poet's heart-strings, soaring clear
To unconfinèd spaces looked for long,
The liberated self divinely strong
Mounts on the chartered and exultant air,
Bondslave no more of error or of wrong,
Mounts triumphing and sees beneath him where
Death and the dead lie vanquished. So with thee
Was it, O Brother, when upon thine ear
Fell the irrevocable insistency
Of his last summons. Thou didst only wear
The livery of joy, didst cast away
Mortality and rose to greet the day!

Enough, enough! Seek him not anywhere,
Nor in time-hallowed Gloucester nor beneath
The green untroubled fields. He is not there.
He has departed from this bourn of Death
And now breathes that still air which quieteth
The fever of men's vain imaginings,
Fresh-sealed with God's reanimating breath,
All rapture mid the glory and the wings.
For now at last the eager questionings,
High hopes and youth's unconquerable dreams
Have found their goal, the fountain-head whence springs
The Spirit of God. Amid the glows and gleams
He sees the living waters at his feet
And has for company the Paraclete!

American Glimpses*

X.—From California to the Grand Canyon

By William A. Robson

CAN anything ever equal the first glimpse of Southern California? I doubt it. I doubt if that ecstatic experience can be regained, or the overpowering sense of beauty be recovered, in all its pristine intensity.

Never shall I forget the loveliness which greeted my eyes as we dismounted from the train at Claremont—a train stopped specially at our command after journeying with unflagging energy through a thousand miles of arid desert, sandy scrub, sage brush, red felspar, and purple volcanic eruption. We seemed to be transferred to another world, a world of tropical and fantastic beauty.

On all sides the giant cacti spread out their menacing arms. Palms flourished in the open streets. Eucalyptus trees sprawled and straggled in chaotic disorder, their denuded trunks shimmering with a silver gloss. Orange groves, and groves of grape fruit and lemon, rustled quietly in battalionlike formation for miles on end, yielding to the eye a picture of perfect æsthetic delight and to the nostril a scent of exquisite, indefinable aroma. On every side the lush, extravagant vegetation floundered in a veritable riot of fertility; and in the background the mountains of the great coast range faded away in a dreamlike phantasy.

The day was warm and sunny; a delicate exuberance filled the air, and disharmony or unhappiness seemed impossible in these surroundings. Social problems, I felt, could not exist amid such beauty, nor man be in conflict with his fellows. A confusion of odours, in which orange blossom mixed with myrtle and mignonette with the rose, drugged the senses and rendered resistance impossible; while the presence of brightly-coloured, preposterous birds accentuated the hopeless unreality of the scene. All seemed a dream, and any thought of life and work in this environment appeared incredible.

The way to Arizona from the West involves the relinquishment of the palms and orange groves and eucalyptus

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trees of California; and the acceptance instead of the dusty desert, with its sand and sage brush, its arid barrenness, its depressing contours. But the very first glance at the purple gorge of the Grand Canyon makes the traveller wonder how he ever could have doubted the wisdom of his enterprise.

It is called a canyon because there is no other name for it; but it is neither so simple nor so straightforward as that word implies. At first you stand upon the rim, or topmost plateau, whereon rises the El Tovar Hotel: picturesque, necessary, prosperous, inevitable, and repulsive. Yawning below is what at first appears to be one enormous chasm, but which in reality is a series of chasms made by huge fissures in the rock. The long descent on mule-back commences, and the traces of snow yield to a growing warmth. The marvellous colour of the canyon begins to assert itself, and the glory of the deep purple in the distance, and the crimson and cobalt of the rocks in the foreground, make time and space seem mere intrusions in a scheme of eternal beauty. A bluish haze in the air lends a tender mistiness to nature's chromatic harmony; and the great projecting walls of rock, stratified and eroded, appear at moments to take on the sphinx-like forms of ancient Egypt.

Nothing of the bottom can be seen, and for long the environment remains merely a series of protruding mountainous structures whose perspective and position are lost in the haze and the purple bloom. The rider drifts down the slender ledge of path, lost alike to the steepness of the track and the vagaries of the mule, and startled only momentarily by the herds of wild asses which scamper up the sides of the canyon. At last the track zigzags steeply and reveals the course where, four or five thousand feet below the topmost rim, the Colorado river cleaves its rushing, muddy way through the bottom of the canyon. Then over the swaying cable bridge you go in single file, and on to Rainbow Ranch, where rest and food await man and beast. The climate and the vegetation have changed in the long descent, but the splendour and the loveliness of the scene persist with an intensity which the Alpine climber may seek and dream of but never find.

Musical Values

By R. W. S. Mendl

WHAT is the standard of musical appreciation? If a man tells us sincerely that a certain popular music-hall song seems to him a more attractive composition than *Der Erlkönig*, why should his opinion be less highly esteemed than that of the eminent critic who prefers Schubert's work? To answer that the critic is a man of educated taste begs the whole question. For to what end has his taste been educated? To appreciate certain things the superiority of which is the very point at issue!

It certainly is not just a matter of skill. The music-hall ditty may be most skilfully constructed: its form may be beyond reproach, and its harmonies tasteful even in the eyes of the most captious connoisseur. On the other hand, if in reality the critic is only telling us that such and such a composition appeals more strongly to him than another, his predilections may be interesting as human documents, but they are not criticisms at all: for *κρίνειν* means to judge, to discern.

We may grant that a critic may go a certain distance. He can, for instance, point out various ways in which Schumann and Chopin are superior or inferior to one another: how in the composition of solo pieces for the pianoforte Schumann falls behind Chopin architecturally, giving us a series of beautiful moments rather than a beautifully built whole, yet excelling Chopin as a writer for the orchestra in the piano concerto, in spite of the fact that he himself was not one of the greatest masters of orchestral scoring. But even if all that sort of ground may be covered by criticism, has the wayfaring music-lover been guided very far thereby? The greater part of the journey—and that the most important and the most difficult—still lies before him. In his bewilderment he may be pardoned for doubting whether after all any very definite values can be assigned to works of art: when certain structural and technical merits and defects have been

pointed out, is anything left but a question of taste which cannot even be argued about, much less decided?

The position, put thus baldly, may sound rather hopeless. But perhaps it is not so bad as it seems. Before we can afford to despise artistic estimates as being mere matters of taste, reflection upon the nature of taste must give us pause.

We hear so much nowadays about a distinction between classical and popular music. The word "classical" has probably done more harm to the appreciation of music in particular and art in general than any other word in the English language. For its use is associated with an implication that just because a composition has been held in high regard by past generations, that is alone sufficient reason for us to be under a kind of obligation to like it, too. Nothing is better calculated to prejudice a normal person against anything. And how could an ordinary schoolboy be expected to come to Beethoven with an unbiased mind, when he is taught to describe that composer's work as "classical music"? The supposed distinction between classical and popular would seem to be a fallacy. For all that we mean by a classical composition is one which has proved attractive to successive generations. Who shall describe *Hamlet* as less popular than the most successful of modern theatrical productions? It may be wonderful that *Chu Chin Chow* should have run continuously for four years. But that is nothing compared with the *succès fou* achieved by *Hamlet*, which has run, on and off, for over three hundred years, has appealed to countless people in all ages and every civilised country of the world, and is as alive to-day as it was when it was first written, and shows every sign of surviving indefinitely. That, however, is no reason why anyone "ought" to enjoy *Hamlet*. Every "classical" composition must justify itself to each generation. But if a work succeeds in doing so, then we should probably be right in claiming that it possessed greater merit than a production which attracted only a contemporary public and then was heard no more.

Perhaps, after all, time is the test rather than the high seriousness demanded by Matthew Arnold. Certain it is that light music may be as perennially fresh as the

most serious work. There is something to be said for the view that the reason why the *Coriolan* overture is better stuff than any out-of-date foxtrot which you like to mention is not that it is a more serious and important composition, but that as a serious composition it is better in its own genre than the disused foxtrot proved to be in its particular genre. The fact that that foxtrot was deserted even by its own lovers shows that as a piece of dance music it was inferior to other dance music like the gavotte from *The Gondoliers*, the minuet from *Don Giovanni*, or the *Blue Danube* waltz. The immortal foxtrot remains still to be written; it will probably come one day: syncopated rhythm is comparatively new to dance music, and perhaps its composers are still engaged in spade work.

To assert that serious music must be superior to light music has no more meaning than to say that the Matterhorn is better than a graceful waterfall. The one simply cannot be compared with the other. And is it not true that many evergreen movements of Bach and Haydn, of Mozart and Beethoven, of Rossini or Liszt or Tschaikovsky—to mention only a few names—are far more lighthearted than some of the ephemeral waltzes played in the ballroom? The only question is, whether a work is good in its own *métier*. And the surest test is whether it can survive the ordeal of indefinite repetition. I have now lost count of the number of occasions on which I have heard the C minor Symphony. But it continues to be as great a delight to me as ever. The enthusiast does not mind how often he listens to the music of *The Mikado* or his favourite tunes from *The Beggar's Opera*. Contrast with these the countless songs which have had a great vogue in their day, but are hardly ever performed now. It is the old story of the composer who, having nothing particular to say, turns out the same kind of commonplace tunes by the score—neatly enough harmonised, it may be, but bearing no stamp of individuality or of imagination; he knows the tricks of the trade, and perhaps by some glimmering of a rhythmic sense, or a capacity to produce something easy to remember, he achieves for his work an intense but short-lived popularity. The wind of fashion passeth over it and it is gone, and the place

thereof shall know it no more. And if perchance some rash soul tries to revive it in later years, how weary, flat, stale and unprofitable it is seen to be! It has failed to achieve lasting fame, not because it is only light music—for the same fate befalls many an uninspired concerto and oratorio—but just because its creator did not compose light music that was good enough to endure.

Now, if the taste of successive generations is the surest touchstone of excellence, where does the critic come in? Those who regard him as one who should direct popular opinion are perhaps looking at his functions from the wrong angle. Suppose he be dealing with the compositions of the past; by bringing his wide knowledge of the art to bear upon his subject he is able to throw light upon the work of this or that composer, and to compare the methods and the outlooks of different masters of music. If, instead of that, some distinguished authority assures us that one composer is really greater than another, does this really help us to appreciate the work of either? When we are told by one expert that about four-fifths of Bach's work and only about one-third of Beethoven's will probably survive, or that the characteristic rhythmic figure which pervades the first movement of the sonata *Appassionata* has not half the significance which its creator believed it to have, does not that sort of comment mean only that a larger proportion of Bach's work than of Beethoven's appeals to our expert friend personally, or that the figure in the sonata does not convey so much to him as it apparently did to Beethoven? But if another critic comes along and says that Beethoven is "greater" than Bach or that the phrase in the *Appassionata* is vested with a profound import, of which even its composer may not have been fully conscious, where are we?

It is doubtful whether all this kind of comment carries any more weight when made by an eminent authority than if it proceeds from an ordinary member of the music-loving public. The opinions even of experts are bound to differ as to whether this composition is greater than that. There is not much to be gained by placing works of art, or those who create them, in order of merit like the boys in a school. The real interest is, assuming a critic thinks a piece of music beautiful, in what way is it

beautiful according to him? If he feels that its beauty is impaired by certain faults, what are the defects which he finds in it? On the other hand, if a critic disapproves of a work, it is not enough for us to know that he does not think it beautiful: we want to be told that he considers it vulgar, or mawkish, or whatever it may be, or that its construction is so bad as to make its total effect inartistic.

When the critic is discussing new compositions he is faced with a speculative task. Even if he try to apply the same principles to the consideration of contemporary art as those which he adopts in the case of works written long ago, he has to say what he thinks of a horse whose public form is unknown. His comments, whatever they may be, inevitably contain the implication that in his opinion the composition will or will not survive the test of time. Contemporary music forces the critic to turn prophet. And even the public, if it forms any definite views about the new work, is perhaps in some measure prophesying, too, without so much as realising that it is doing so.

Granted that the musical composer, like every other creative artist, produces music because he feels something within him which must have utterance. Yet the function of art, so far as the public is concerned, is to please it—in other words, to gratify its æsthetic taste. And if it can be said of a musical work that it appeals to the taste of the majority of music-lovers through successive generations, what higher praise can be bestowed? They have found it beautiful, and still find it so.

Upon Being Shown Up

By Horace Shipp

THE SHOW, by John Galsworthy. (St. Martin's.)
THE WILD DUCK, by Henrik Ibsen. (Everyman, transferred to St. James's.)
THE NEW MORALITY, by Harold Chapin. (Kingsway.)

FOR the edification of county court judges and others whose knowledge of our mother tongue does not extend to its idioms, it should be explained that "showing a person up" has a meaning other than the order to a footman to indicate the way from the hall to the drawing-room; and that, throughout large sections of society, death, ruin, disease, and being shown up, are the four horsemen of the social apocalypse. The term betokens a sudden fierce light of publicity thrown upon such reprehensible conduct as we were fain to keep discreetly dark. In Walworth Road or Whitechapel the method demands a frontal attack upon your neighbour's door-knocker, and a *viva-voce* explanation of your grievance and her sins for the enlightenment of the street and casual passers; in Mayfair it is conducted by leaving cards at your antagonist's club accusing him of card-sharping or the other sins peculiar to that *milieu*, and it has expensive sequels in libel courts, where the process of being shown up is carried to its most exquisite point of refinement. This process, you will observe, has two implications: the first, that society takes your point of view on the matter; the second, that the person shown up values the opinion of society. You cannot show up an anarchist; he thrives on this particular poison.

Mr. Galsworthy, with that wise pity of his, has written a social tragedy upon the matter; and the past month has seen revivals of Harold Chapin's amusing comedy thereupon, and of that great play of Ibsen's which digs so far to the spiritual foundations of our lives that this motive becomes in his hands a real tragedy.

We may be forgiven, therefore, if we examine the theme for what social and theatrical wisdom may be extracted from it.

Mr. Galsworthy's play is actually a castigation of society for its tendency to pry into people's private lives

and of the police and the press for their lead in this enterprise. Its story, simply told, is that a well-known public man has committed suicide; a detective and an enthusiastic journalist between them discover that he and his wife are living estranged, that he has a little girl waitress as his mistress, and that his wife has a lover. The play deals with the human misery which this revelation entails before it is discovered after the inquest that the reason for the suicide was mental breakdown, which had nothing to do with the question of these erratic relationships. His wife, his mother, his wife's father, and the waitress undergo an ordeal by publicity, for which Mr. Galsworthy demands our pity and shame.

Strangely for the work of so capable a craftsman the play has certain technical weaknesses which vitiate its effectiveness. The bad manipulation of the machinery gives the whole thing an air of being overstated. We know that no detective would break into a man's rooms and steal his letters in order to get evidence to bring before a coroner; we know that no house would be quite so much at the mercy of a pushing little journalist, and we wondered where the family solicitors were who might have protected these people from the inundation of vulgarity to which they were subjected. Technically, again, the play has a devastating anti-climax, and the long comedy scene with the jurymen was surely an error. But not all this counts against the basic weakness of the play, which is that, to people with any strength of character, being shown up is an incident, not a tragedy. Nobody, save the waitress, seemed to be distressed by the facts; everybody was terror-stricken at the revelation of them. Haidee Wright, brilliantly playing the mother, assured us now and again that she had lost her son, but this actual tragedy was forgotten under the veneer of the concern for his "good name." Truth to tell, I suspect the public prefers its heroes to kiss waitresses at Richmond, and only the members of the old aristocracy regard the loss of respectability as a subject for tragedy. Moreover, as my mother used tellingly to assert, God fits the back to the burden; and the age of sensational newspapers is not one wherein people die of shame at publicity. Even one of the characters showed the insight that we all

are interested in these cases, so cannot reasonably complain when we are called upon to provide the excitement, especially when our conduct has given sufficient reason for the summons. The people in *The Show* should have locked the front door on the journalist, called the family solicitor to deal with the detective, and devoted the morning to reading Neitzsche. Happily, it is a Reandean performance, which spells good production and a good cast, so that we were almost persuaded that we lived in the days when restaurants had high settle seats to exclude our neighbour's gaze; and we enjoyed in a thoroughly reprehensible manner, according to Mr. Galsworthy, the human vivisection which constitutes the play. Alongside Haidee Wright, Hermione Baddeley, Leslie Banks, Ben Field, and Molly Kerr acted excellently.

It was afterwards, and in the light of Harold Chapin's play, that one decided that showing-up was a theme for comedy rather than tragedy. But that was because Gwen Ffrangçon Davies, in becoming *décolletage* after the "row," was so charming to look upon and so amusing in her abandon. She obviously had sufficient belief in herself to know that she could wash any amount of dirty linen in public and remain graceful at the wash-tub. For all the lightness, brevity, and general slightness of this little comedy it supplies just the element of understanding of human motives which would have made all the difference to Mr. Galsworthy's play. Betty was concerned about a fact, and because it was to her an important fact concerning fundamental human dignity she did not mind sacrificing the surface appearances.

The real word on the matter, however, comes from Ibsen. *The Wild Duck* is not so much a study in the art of showing up, as it is generally understood, as in a tearing aside of the conventions for the truth's sake. It is a tragedy, not of what other people think when the truth is known, but of what we think ourselves when we face the truth about ourselves. Gregers, with his "demand of the ideal" asks that everybody should be forced to face the truth, and believes that only by that means could people be really happy. In fact, practically nobody is strong enough to meet that demand, and when he sets out on his campaign of showing people up it is to

themselves that he does it, and they find life utterly deficient without their illusions. I have never been able to see the piece as a recantation of Ibsen's theories, but rather as a reiteration of them, uttered with sorrow, that the world should prefer its shams, its half-life, its lies, and its compromises, because people were not strong enough to live with the truth. It does not detract from this seriousness that Ibsen can review his enthusiasms with the humour born of detachment. Almost the last word which Gregers utters is: "If you are right and I am wrong, life is no longer worth living." A pessimistic conclusion if you will, born of the fight which Ibsen had waged with his generation. He believed passionately in facing truth; he led the campaign against shams; and even when he showed the result of facing the truth as something akin to disaster, that disaster came from the weakness of people long accustomed to take refuge in counterfeit and compromise.

The present production is praiseworthy in that it does not stand between us and the dramatist's purpose. Sybil Arundale's own performance of Gina, and Ion Swinley's of the "impossibleist" made these parts extremely lucid and understandable. Milton Rosmer tiptoed along the precipitous verges of comedy and risked the accusation of flamboyance a hundred times. But as we return to the book we find this is the almost inevitable reading. The part which added to what Ibsen has given, as really fine acting inevitably does, was Angela Baddeley's performance of "Hedvig." She got in that Greek note of bewilderment in the face of inexorable fate which gives its own significance to so much of Ibsen's work.

It is this concern with great issues in human nature which makes *The Wild Duck* so magnificent a play. Miss Sybil Arundale has done us a service in reviving it in her season at the Everyman Theatre, and its enormous success and consequent transfer to the St. James's Theatre constitutes a happy omen in theatre affairs. It is an excellent thing that the plays which have succeeded this year are of so consistently high standard, and justifies again our faith that the public wants and will support the best in drama here in London as surely as they will in the great Continental cities.

Books

SOCIOLOGY.

TOWARDS MORAL BANKRUPTCY. Authorized translation from the French of "L'Discipline des Mœurs." By PAUL BUREAU. Published by Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 16s.

THIS book might well be called "The Road to Ruin," for the gifted author gives a most careful chart of the highway by which the great Empires of the past have travelled to their doom and by which the civilized nations of Europe appear to be advancing to a similar end.

For the last seventy-five years or more the French nation has been committing suicide: in the terrible phrase of Sir James Marchant France now has "more coffins than cradles." This statement is illustrated by the fact that in 1814 the population of France was 29,500,000, and that of Great Britain and Ireland 19,000,000. In 1913 France had increased her population by 10,000,000 only, whereas that of Great Britain and Ireland had increased by 27,000,000. The condition of France is really more serious than is indicated by these figures because from the 'Seventies of the last century the birthrate of England and Wales had declined from thirty-six to eighteen in the thousand, therefore Britain was doing badly and France was doing worse.

In the short space at my command even the briefest analysis of this remarkable book is impossible, but it may be stated that it falls into four separate parts, of which the first deals with the conduct of the people of France, both married and unmarried, with certain erroneous theories on which their conduct is based, and on the great suffering which has resulted to the nation.

In Part II there is an examination of certain remedies that have been tried, but which have proved to be insufficient to arrest the phthisis from which France is suffering.

In Part III M. Paul Bureau presents a sketch of what he calls the "five precepts of a coherent sexual morality." These he describes as Chastity in the unmarried State. Perpetual Continence, the Duty of Marriage, Conjugal Fidelity, and Fertility.

In Part IV the author points out the part that parents, school teachers, and the press ought to play in social regeneration: he also gives us a lovable portrait of "The Good Citizen" and his "Religious Belief."

The deep interest which the book itself evokes is enhanced and its lessons are driven home by the fact that even while it was being published the author, to whom his country and, indeed, the whole civilized world owes so much, passed to his reward. It is to be hoped that public gratitude will find its best expression in an attentive consideration of, and loving obedience to, the laws of national health and welfare so well enunciated by him.

It only remains to be said that the whole format of the book is

admirable—good paper, good print, and a singular absence of casual errors, make the perusal of these weighty chapters, burdened as they are with lamentation and woe, profitable and bracing like a bitter tonic. MARY SCHARLIEB, M.D.

ART.

ADVENTURES BY SEA FROM ART OF OLD TIME. Basil Lubbock. Preface by JOHN MASEFIELD. The Studio. Price £3 3s. net.

It was a singularly happy inspiration on the part of the publishers of "The Studio" to follow up the first volume of what is aptly termed a "Panorama of Life at Sea" (Old Naval Prints) by the present sumptuous work. The field was inviting clear, and assuredly in the whole range of pictorial art there was nothing to compare with it in point of interest, or for the wealth of nautical adventure it afforded.

Equally fortunate were the publishers in their choice of collaborators. In Mr. John Masefield, for example, the author of the charming sonnets—"Lines on Sea Adventure" (which take the place of a preface), we have a poet whose verses "are admittedly among the most notable expressions in our times of the lyrical impulse as made vocal on this subject." His vision of the "old, rust-spotted, ill-found ship," with its ghostly crew, has a weird attraction for the imagination, and for the possibilities it opens up. While in Mr. Basil Lubbock they have secured a writer on sea-topics most justly renowned for "plenitude of knowledge, conscientiousness in research, and by a virile, breezy style, admirably appropriate to the matter in hand."

Of the explanatory chapter, preceding the illustrations, it is impossible to speak in too laudatory terms: wide research, the art of condensation in a marked degree, combined with a most judicious selection from the mass of material placed at the author's disposal, have gone to the compilation of a chapter, which, while appealing to every class of reader, irrespective of nationality, has especially earned the gratitude of students of our island-story. We regard it, and welcome it as a monument of patient and painstaking industry.

Mr. Basil Lubbock explains herein that, in the arrangement of the illustrations, he has been guided by an attempt to depict adventure at sea from the following points of view: (*a*) Discovery; (*b*) Trade; (*c*) Perils of the sea, due to nature (wrecks, fires, collisions); (*d*) Polar exploration and whaling; (*e*) Perils of the sea, due to man (buccaneers and pirates); (*f*) Perils of the sea, due to man (privateers, smugglers, slavers); (*g*) Clipper ships—the adventure of speed.

On this principle we are taken through the entire gamut of sea adventure, as depicted by artists of every conceivable school, ancient and modern, and one scarcely knows which to praise the most—the industry and research which has succeeded in bringing together such an infinite variety of sea pictures, or the high quality of the reproductions. It is only necessary to glance through the list of titles, together with the names of the artists whose work is represented herein, over one hundred in all, of which twenty-four are exquisitely reproduced in their original colouring, to realize their value. The illustrations have the additional merit of preserving, in many instances, the unintentional humour of the artist—as in Plate xxxvii.

At this distance of time, as the editor most justly observes, such words as pirates, sea-rovers, and buccaneers, along with the devilry their names are wont to conjure up in the readers' mind, must of necessity lose their full flavour unless we can supplement them with the assistance of capable illustrations of the actual sea-life of former days. The historian may exhaust his vocabulary in the attempt to describe it, but it is only the artist who can raise the scene before our eyes and make us feel as if we were taking part in the great adventure. And the high standard of excellence we are accustomed to expect in the "Studio" illustrations will everywhere be recognized in the present volume.

There is one matter, relating to warships of olden times, which deserves especial mention, and that is the admirable way in which these lumbering old arks lent themselves to the spirit of pageantry. Turn to the beautiful illustration in colour (Plate ii), depicting the embarkation of Henry VIII at Dover in 1520 to meet Francis I on the Field of Cloth of Gold, and take note of the decorations, as described by a contemporary. The *Henry Grace A Dieu*, one of the ships depicted here, was equipped with "sails and pennants of cloth of gold damasked"; her quarters and sides, as well as her tops, were "hung with targets, charged differently with the cross of St. George, Azuré à fleur-de-lis Or, party per pale Argent and Vert a union rose, and party per pale Argent and Vert a portcullis Or, alternately and repeatedly," etc. The original oil-painting is the property of the Crown, and hangs in Hampton Court Palace.

Although we are informed by Sir William Laird Clowes, the latest Historian of the Royal Navy, that the picture does not represent the ships which actually convoyed Henry, but rather those which would have escorted him had the harbours been deep enough to admit them, it is none the less interesting on that account. Pepys tells us: "I came a little too late, so I walked up into the house, and spent the time in looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry VIII's voyage to Bullaen."

The calling of the sea is now, as Mr. Basil Lubbock does well to remind his readers, "a dull, monotonous business, like any other trade"; all the romance has slipped out of it. That it was still full of adventure for those who essayed a voyage thereon—even as late as the year 1800—is shown by the experience that befell an English poet and his wife during the brief, and usually uneventful, passage to Lisbon. In a letter to a fellow-poet, describing the adventure, Robert Southey wrote to his friend Coleridge under date: "May-day, Lisbon, 1800—Here we are, thank God! Alive and recovering from dreadful sickness. I never suffered so much at sea, and Edith was worse than I. . . . On Monday morning the Captain was awakened with tidings that a cutter was bearing down upon us, with English colours, indeed, but apparently a French vessel. She fired a gun, we did the same, and preparations were made for action. You may imagine Edith's terror, awakened on a sick bed with these tidings! The captain advised me to surround her with mattresses in the cabin, but she would not believe herself in safety, and I lodged her in the cockpit, and took my station on the quarter-deck with a musket. How I felt I can hardly tell; the

hurry of the scene, the sight of the grape-shot, bar-shot, and other ingenious implements of this sort made an undistinguishable mixture of feelings. . . . The cutter bore down between us; I saw the smoke from her matches, we were so near, and not a man on board had the least idea but that an immediate action was to take place. We hailed her; she answered in broken English, and passed on. 'Tis over! cried somebody. Not yet! said the captain; and we expected she was coming round as about to attack. She was English, however, manned chiefly from Guernsey, and this explained her Frenchified language. You will easily imagine that my sensations, at the ending of the business, were very definable—one honest simple joy that I was in a whole skin! I laid the musket in the chest with considerably more pleasure than I took it out."

Southey's comment on the adventure was brief: "I am glad this took place; it has shown me what it is to prepare for action."

As Southey's "Life of Nelson" is said to have been the writer's most successful book, this may be partly attributable to his unique experience in a post-office packet. TEIGNMOUTH.

TRAVEL.

COLONEL LAWRENCE AS FILM HERO.

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. By LOWELL THOMAS. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

THIS book should have a considerable success as a story of romantic adventure, but while as a record of fact it cannot be taken seriously, it might have been more to the taste of the unsophisticated if Mr. Lowell Thomas had rounded his story off in the approved fashion by marrying his hero to the beautiful daughter of some mysterious Eastern potentate. There are mis-statements, inaccuracies, and exaggerations on every page. The British officers and Arab chiefs are as heroic heroes, the Turkish leaders as villainous villains, as ever trod the boards in melodrama; but while in melodrama the villain is usually allowed a certain measure of success in his nefarious schemes, Mr. Thomas never allows his villains to score a single point. Whatever the odds in their favour, they get it right in the neck every time. Besides being untrue, this is somewhat monotonous. His worship of Colonel Lawrence is ludicrous. Not only does he confer upon him such absurd titles as "Shereef Lawrence," and "the blonde Prince of Mecca," but he frequently speaks of "Allenby and Lawrence" as the joint commanders of the allied army. In these circumstances one is tempted to pass over Colonel Lawrence's [illegible] and merely to remember the principal cause of his success, which was that for a long period he was the richest man in the world. Every month a quarter of a million golden sovereigns were placed at his disposal to spend as he liked. The Arabs, the most avaricious people in the world, all firmly believed that the Turks would win, and few, except those who had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a change, really wished otherwise. They thought it politic, however, to keep a footing in either camp, and could not resist the call of the gold, so that what happened in many cases was that one brother got what he could out of the Turks by telling all he knew of the allied movements while another filled his

pockets with gold in Lawrence's tent. Both then retired to their houses or tents and did not stir from them till they were convinced that the Turkish defeat was complete, when they emerged and joined Lawrence in his triumphal march to Damascus. During the last months of the war thousands of Arabs deserted from the Turkish Army, but it was hunger and not patriotism that induced them to do so. The Syrian Arabs, whether soldiers or civilians, had little love for the Turks, but they had still less for Feisul and his savage Bedouins from the South.

Mr. Thomas's book is dangerous, less because it misrepresents the facts of history than because it gives an entirely false idea of the attitude of the Arabs towards the Turks, the British, and the so-called Royal Family of Mecca. The Arab will call anyone king who pays him to do so, but he does not want to be governed, he wants to be left alone.

RAGLAN.

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS: THE FIRST ELEVEN DYNASTIES. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Thornton Butterworth. 21s. net.

MR. WEIGALL is an adept in the art of infusing life into the mummies of Ancient Egypt, and has produced, as was only to be expected, a most interesting book.

He begins by giving, at some length, the reasons which led him to the system of chronology which he has adopted. He says, "the reader must endeavour to apply his brains to the problems presented, remembering that these riddles are capable of being solved almost as readily by him as by an Egyptologist." The reader cannot be sure either that he has all the evidence before him, or that Mr. Weigall's interpretation of the hieroglyphs is the correct one, but many readers will no doubt be glad to have the problems set out in such a clear and interesting manner.

Mr. Weigall then proceeds to give the events of each reign, illustrating them with quotations from inscriptions, and in doubtful cases giving his own conclusions as to the probable course of events, which he is always careful to distinguish from the undisputed facts. His account of the building of the Great Pyramid deserves special mention. In conclusion, he sets himself the tempting but, to the historian, dangerous task of fitting the story of Abraham into his system of chronology. This is apt to lead a man, unless he is very careful, into a frame of mind in which two possibilities make a probability, and two probabilities a certainty.

The book, which is admirably illustrated, should be read by all who are interested in Egyptology.

RAGLAN.

BIOGRAPHY.

LORD JOHN MANNERS AND HIS FRIENDS. By CHARLES WHIBLEY. Two Volumes. Blackwood and Sons. 30s.

MR. WHIBLEY'S life of the seventh Duke of Rutland (he succeeded to the title late in life) is one of the most interesting and best-informed of recent political biographies, and is embodied in handsome form. It tells the story of a statesman whom modesty and public spirit alone prevented from occupying the highest public positions, but whose sagacity in council and ability in debate were held in the highest esteem

by three successive Conservative leaders. As it was, he held Cabinet Office for a greater number of years than any of his contemporaries, and was described by Lord Beaconsfield as his "best and earliest" political friend.

Mr. Whibley's fourth chapter contains the first really authoritative account of that Young England movement which was the precursor of Tory democracy. The combination of friends was never a party even to the extent of the so-called "Fourth Party" of the eighties, and had a still briefer duration; but the personalities of Lord John Manners and George Smythe, enshrined in several of Disraeli's novels, and fully brought out in these volumes, are well worth attention. Manners's High Church proclivities were not shared by all of his associates, and hindered his career at a critical period; whilst a misunderstanding (wilful in some quarters) of some well-known youthful lines about "our old nobility" (of which Mr. Whibley gives the genuine interpretation) did not help it, and still clings to their author's memory. What should be remembered to his credit to-day is that Lord John was the enthusiastic upholder of the doctrine of the solidarity of classes, and probably the earliest advocate of the ideal of Free Trade within the Empire. His common friendship with Gladstone and Disraeli made him an ideal mediator between the Free Trade and Protectionist sections of his party, and it was not his fault that the final secession of the ablest among the former was not averted. Incidentally it may be remarked that the biographer is a little too much concerned that the Peelite dogs should not have the best of it; but our protest against the unfairness towards Sir Robert should go with an appreciation of the frequent allusions and comments upon the fluidity of the opinions of his disciple, the future Liberal premier ("Old Glad."). Lord John Manners played a busy part in the counsels of what we are not permitted to call the Conservative Party during the inception of the second Reform Bill, and succeeded in stiffening the attitude of a weak-kneed Home Secretary towards disorder in the London parks; he was regarded as one of the best debaters of his time in the Commons, and after Beaconsfield's death is said to have "proved that he possessed greater qualities of leadership than some of his colleagues suspected." He had shown administrative ability as Commissioner of Works and Postmaster-General; his last office was Chancellor of the Duchy in Lord Salisbury's second ministry. He was admitted to the Cabinet from the first, and had been consulted even when out of Parliament. An extract from his diary describing the formation of the Salisbury Cabinet of 1885 is printed as an appendix. An account of a visit to the home of the Brontës in 1850, and a quaint letter of apology from Rachel, who had kept Manners and his first wife awake at Turin during their honeymoon, are also interesting.

G. Le Grys Norgate.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Between the Old World and the New. By M. P. Willcocks. George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

Miss Willcocks's review of world-consciousness reflected in letters begins with Goethe and ends with Hardy. She divides her regimentation

into companies, Goethe, Balzac, and Shelley are "Prophets of the Will"; Carlyle, George Eliot, Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, and Tennyson represent "The Victorian Mind: The Survival of the Fittest." "Those who Escaped" are Charlotte Emily Brontë, Browning, and Meredith. "The Wreckers" are Ibsen, Tolstoi, Turgenev, Tchehov, and Anatole France; whilst "The Builders" comprise Samuel Butler, Dostoeosky, Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, and Hardy. Although some sort of picture of spiritual evolution is implicit in this comprehensive survey of the recent past, it is rather as a study of personality unconsciously responding to the intellectual environment of its day that these singularly interesting papers present themselves. "What's it all for?" is the question at the back of all our minds, so it is pretty plain that the unspoken hope and aspiration of this study is that which has given nerves to a long and patient pursuit. Seen in procession these wielders of the word fall into step and become a host of movement, slower than their scouts and vedettes, but with accelerating pace—or is that only an effect of perspective?—but it is necessary first to see each in his place and his group before comprehending either pace or direction. We all read, or have read, their works with certain personal reactions, often merely æsthetic, but Miss Willcocks presents us with the significance of their personalities as guidons and oriflammes of the march of mind—a march in which each new group has to pass through the preceding company and head the column. To say that the studies are admirably and delightfully readable, reasonable, and full of insight is to announce the obvious where Miss Willcocks is concerned, but the book is much more than this, it is a measure by which we can gauge the intrepid spirit of man treading the adventurous path where the present merges into the unknown—"Pioneers of Pioneers"!

FICTION.

MY DAUGHTER HELEN. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

"My Daughter Helen"—a noble fragment—is now completed by the addition of "Marmaduke." Together they make a full-length study of a woman, still enveloped in the atmosphere of classic perfection—a kind of Venus of Milo with arms complete, arms which can repel, and even strike a blow, as well as embrace. This is, of course, a bit disturbing, but Marmaduke, a bronze faun beside this marble marvel, shines before her pale and shadowy perfection with strong lights and darks, a fascinating figure of sophistication. From the sustained repose, the cumulation, delicate modelling of Helen, to the eventful second part, with its episode upon episode, and its delicious Thespians, is a hastening of the *tempo* agreeable enough to the maturing mood of the reader; so that these two little masterpieces together make no solution of continuity, but form a rounded delight. Marmaduke is as subtle in his disturbing angularity as Helen in her softer curves; as fascinating a waster as the whole gallery of the rebellious can show. He wins even the affection of the serenely introspective father, and redeems him from a too precious perfection of poise. A commensurate bit of exposition—now in its authentic completeness.

BOOKS

WILLIAM. By E. H. YOUNG. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is refreshing to find a novelist capable of crediting a mere man with antennæ; true this particular man is an ex sea-captain—a class which, we know, does sometimes produce persons of psychological subtlety. This particular ancient mariner, the William of the story, who has built up a business ashore, and raised a family—mostly married daughters when we meet them—is threatened with domestic shipwreck when his best-beloved daughter scandalizes her friends, and particularly her strong-minded mother, by leaving her husband and going off with another man. How to envisage this situation without losing the depths of either of his dear ones, and, at the same time, fend off social unpleasantnesses, both within and without the family circle, is the problem of navigation which this wise and wideawake shipmaster solves. We see his mental processes and love his kindly wit. William is really no better and no wiser than the average man, but how far he excels the average father of the novel in those qualities generally reserved for mothers and maiden aunts, whilst still remaining essentially masculine! For the rest, the sketches of the married daughters, anxious, sympathetic, selfish, and enigmatical, with their husbands and children, to say nothing of the fine full-length figure of the wife, make up a book of folks worth knowing—as we get to know them—not merely credibly, but with convincing intimacy, in this sound and interesting novel.

POETRY.

DONNA JUANA. By EILEEN HEWITT. Routledge. 5s. net.

MISS HEWITT'S novel in verse will, in spite of a certain brilliancy of facility, some day rank amongst her "Juvenilia," for it is full of the transient charm of youth in revolt. The poetess has, in fact, unpacked her soul by releasing more of her own spiritual revolt than of narrative, but one cannot but enjoy the effervescent quality of her little audacities. "Donna Juana" is, however, a name not well chosen for her heroine. "Honour More" would have suited this young lady far better, for, in spite of poverty and a complete sense of her personal superiority, she is, when it comes to the scratch, too good a sportsman to snaffle her wealthy cousin's young man. This, of course, may be only a preliminary canter on Juana's part. She may yet be the protagonist of a moral amorous femininity, but we rather hope not, for Miss Hewitt is too humorous, too clean, and too feminine for Byronics of the erotic sort, in spite of her gift for winged words and lightness of tone.

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Take Cover!

The Empire's Trade Future

By Harold T. Pooley

(Page 305)

Empire Notes

Dominions and the Security Pact

In none of the Dominions is there any enthusiasm for the proposed European Security Pact. All are as reluctant as the United States to enter upon a policy which might commit them to participation in Continental disputes. New Zealand alone is willing to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Imperial Government. The attitude of the larger Dominions towards the apparently undying feuds of Europe is not difficult to understand. If at times it seems to show a lack of appreciation of the peculiar position of the United Kingdom, it has not hitherto, at any rate, prevented the oversea States from coming wholeheartedly to the assistance of the Mother Country when the need has arisen. There is, however, a certain inconsistency about the manner in which the subject of Imperial foreign policy is regarded oversea. It is surely impossible to maintain a status of equality and mutual consultation in matters of foreign policy if only one part of the Empire is to be committed to action in support of the decisions reached. Undoubtedly this is one of the most difficult problems that the statesmen

of the Empire have to solve. The difficulty is inherent in the relations of any loose league of autonomous States. So far at times of crisis the call of blood has proved strong enough to push constitutional considerations into the background, but since the war there have been occasions which can only be viewed as danger signals indicating the urgent necessity of improving the machinery of consultation, so that Great Britain shall not at any future time be forced by a sudden development of events in Europe into action which does not command the support of her oversea partners.

Colour Bar in South Africa

THE Colour Bar Bill introduced by the Hertzog Government has been rejected by the South African Senate, and cannot now become law until it has been passed in another session of the Assembly, and, if again thrown out by the Senate, agreed to by a joint sitting of the two houses. In such a joint sitting the Nationalist-Labour Government would have a majority, so that there is good reason to anticipate that the Bill will become law next year, provided that the Royal Assent is not withheld. The Bill is very unpopular in the Cape Province, where a much more liberal attitude than that of the Northern Provinces towards coloured artisans prevails. The Government spokesman, Mr. Beyers, contended during the debate in the Senate that the Bill was the first step in the Government's policy of entrenching the position of the white race in the Union. Critics consider that a better analogy would be an attempt to hold up a flood with an inadequate dam. If native South Africans are to be educated and given technical training to fit them for something better than working as common labourers, any attempt to prevent them from exercising their skill can only result in the creation of a formidable mass of discontent that will take fire at the first favourable opportunity. Some months ago General Smuts warned the advocates and supporters of the Bill of the danger of incurring the hatred of hundreds of millions of Asiatics. On both these grounds the principle embodied in the Bill is objectionable, and it is to be hoped that the interval afforded by the Senate for reflection will not be wasted. The fundamental difficulty is that there is no outlet at present for many thousands of young white South Africans, nor is the present population of the

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Union and neighbouring territories large enough to provide a market for manufacturing industries on a much extended scale. A top-heavy state of affairs has come into existence, and the remedy is far from apparent.

Canada and the West Indies

NEGOTIATIONS for a new and more comprehensive trade agreement between Canada and the British West Indies, together with Bermuda, British Honduras, and British Guiana have been successful. Increased tariff preferences are to be given on West Indian produce shipped direct to a Canadian port and upon Canadian goods entering the West Indies. Better shipping communications are also to be provided. Ratification of the new agreement by the numerous entities concerned will take some time, and it is not expected that it will be effected before the early part of next year. Hitherto American firms have played an important part as intermediaries in trade between Canada and the Caribbean colonies, but the new provision that West Indian produce must be shipped direct to a Canadian port, if it is to enjoy the Canadian

preference, should do much to alter this state of affairs, and incidentally should be of considerable benefit to the ports of the Canadian Atlantic provinces. The preference advantages given to Canadian goods by the West Indies and the mainland colonies in Central and South America will be shared by Great Britain.

THE principle of reciprocity in Imperial Preference arrangements was strongly endorsed at the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which adopted a resolution in favour of an immediate and substantial increase in the Canadian tariff on finished products, to be followed by an endeavour to enter into preferential tariff arrangements with other countries, particularly countries of the British Empire, based on the principle of bargaining. The association also urged immediate ratification of the trade agreement with Australia, which, with certain modifications in the method by which preference is to be given by Canada to certain Australian products, has now been passed by the Canadian Parliament. The original agreement had already been ratified by the Commonwealth Legislature, but the alterations made to secure its passage through the House of Commons at Ottawa have necessitated its reconsideration by the Australian Parliament.

Preference Bargaining

AFTER an extensive investigation of marketing conditions in Great Britain, Mr. C. W. Baxter, who was appointed by the Ontario Government to report on the subject, has recommended the adoption by Canada of a national brand or trade mark for Canadian products, the establishment of export grades, and the provision of a federal inspection service with power to refuse certificates unless the product is up to the approved standards. The inauguration of a national advertising programme over a period of years is also suggested. There is no doubt that if the principle of "brand and advertise" were applied generally to Empire products it would be of great advantage by enabling British consumers to distinguish between Imperial and foreign articles. The identity of most Imperial produce is lost under the present system of marketing, and those consumers who desire to exercise a sentimental preference often find it difficult to do so.

Branding Empire Produce

Take Cover!

The Empire's Trade Future

By Harold T. Pooley

THOUGH "Live dangerously" is, in some connections, an admirable maxim, it has become in modern conditions too often merely the invitation of the spider to the fly. On every side we see a strongly-marked tendency to organization of human effort, and organization inevitably means self-protection. Organized warfare produced elaborate entrenchments; organized labour has produced a fortification of the rights of the worker on a scale, satisfactory to some, alarming to others, but astonishing to everybody; organized capital has produced combines whose self-protective measures have been able to affect the politics of the world. Similarly, organized industry, in another aspect, has established tariff and prohibitional entrenchments, and almost every modern State is a fastness of industries more or less artificially supported for the advantage of the nation organized.

Views as to the desirability or otherwise of this pervading condition of things are of little immediate importance. In the practical applications of business opinions may be interesting, but facts are determining elements. And it is with a desire to "paint the thing as he sees it for the (god) of things as they are, "that Mr. McDougall has contributed to the literature of British Empire economics a thoughtful and perspicacious critical study of existing conditions and their probable influence on the future.*

Sir Robert Horne, in an introduction, says:

> It must be realized that it is our Empire trade which alone to-day saves us from a depression even worse than that from which we at present

* "Sheltered Markets." By F. L. McDougall. London: John Murray. 5s. net. 147 pp.

suffer. Mr. McDougall has, in the chapters of this work, shown conclusively how Britain's ascendancy in the industrial world had gradually been broken down during the latter part of last century as her rivals steadily increased their proportion of the world's trade in manufactured goods. He has further demonstrated that, while Britain's proportion of manufactures to total exports to foreign States had steadily fallen off, she still succeeded in maintaining her old ascendancy in the markets of the Empire. He has given cogent reasons for the view that the kind of trade which we conduct with our overseas possessions is, in its character, of greater value to us than that which we do with foreign States; and he has made it plain that we have been materially assisted in maintaining this trade, not merely by sentiment, but—much more effectively—by the preferences which our Dominions have given us in their markets. The most recent figures of our trade in the present year strikingly reinforce the argument of the author, and show that, but for an increase in our exports to our Dominions—sufficient to redress the diminution in our exports to other countries—we should to-day be suffering from distresses even more bitter than those which now afflict us. The time has, indeed, gone by when this question falls to be considered from the point of view of Britain's duty to her Overseas Dominions. We have arrived at a juncture when the problem for consideration is how we can best adjust our economic and commercial relations with our brethren overseas, so as to save ourselves from the disastrous fate in which our present attitude of drift would certainly involve us.

That is the point. A sound economic policy for the Empire in the future is not a question of a paternal Imperial Government doing its best for young dependencies, but it is the only really hopeful method of ensuring a prosperous future for Great Britain. It would be foolish to deny that such a policy is the best for the Dominions too, but, all things considered, the greatest gainer will be the British Isles. Empire trade is the essential factor in the future of British industry, and until this is appreciated here there is little hope of a broad Empire economic policy. Mr. McDougall proceeds to examine this proposition in the light of those trade and industrial factors of the present-day world by which it is conditioned. He is careful to emphasize throughout that this is a matter of deadly earnest, not only in estimating the summed prosperity of the country as a whole, but to the future amenities and, indeed, livelihood, of every working man and woman in Great Britain.

In his first chapter Mr. McDougall surveys the British export trade, and analyses its direction, noting, over a period of fifty years, the proportion of the total import trade of each of our chief markets we have enjoyed, and pointing out the rise and fall of this proportion.

I quote, and endorse, the author's own conclusions:

> We have now seen that during the past fifty years Great Britain has steadily lost ground relatively to her industrial rivals in all foreign markets . . . her position in foreign markets is continually menaced by the rivals who, in the middle of the last century, were driven by the predominance of Great Britain to develop their industries behind the shelter of protective tariff. On the other hand, in the Empire markets, Great Britain has maintained her ascendancy over all rivals.

Chapter II is a short, but highly important note pointing out that some exports which loom largely in the annual values do not represent a large margin of net profit to this country, and suggesting that some of them are not even profitable to export at all. Those goods, however, which the Dominions and Colonies take from us are mainly of the fully-manufactured type, which give by far the greatest return of wealth when exported from Great Britain.

Having made this point, the author proceeds to apply it in what is perhaps the most brilliant piece of economic study in the whole of an exceptionally able book. The writer cuts clear through the unsubstantial economic theories which imagined trade conditions, labour, credit, and the like, as a kind of freely-moving circumambient atmosphere in which all nations and all men move unrestricted. He says:

> The doctrines of Cobden and Bright were based on trade as the essence of national economics. The newer lands regard the national standard of well-being as the main criterion, to which the trades of the country must be adapted if they are to be maintained. The suppression of unrestricted competition in the "labour market" has led to changes in national economics which are even now not completely understood, but which undoubtedly accentuate the need for the stability which direct or complementary trade assures to the nation.

The rest of the chapter demonstrates by tables the far greater importance of the Dominions in those forms of trade which are profitable, direct, and complementary.

Up to this point the writer has devoted himself mainly to showing the natural advantages inherent in the trade of Great Britain within the Empire, and in Chapter IV he proceeds to show how these natural attractions are strengthened and reinforced by certain consciously applied stimuli. First and foremost, of course, are the tariff preferences, briefly reviewed, in the case of the Dominions and Colonies.

One may mention here, in passing, that this, as does any examination of tariff systems within the Empire, leaves the student amazed at the extraordinary lack of even the beginnings of co-ordination. The natural tendency toward inter-Empire trade could be enormously accelerated were there even some quite non-committal consultation at regular intervals. But it is at once the strength and the weakness of all British peoples that they will not be rushed. Like Mr. Midshipman Easy, "they would like to argue that point." For this reason, an arrangement may come about more naturally in the traditional British way by the cumulation of instances, such, in this case, as the Canada-West Indies agreement, and the mutual arrangements between Australia and Canada; Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. No British institution has ever stepped full-armed from the head of anybody. They have all grown, under the unregarding eyes of the public, from insignificant childhood to a manhood of hardly-recognized power.

Mr. McDougall then returns to discuss the four main factors determining the direction of trade. First, individual purchasing power; in this the policy of a high standard of living, combined with vast natural resources, make the Dominions of the highest importance as actual, and even more as potential, purchasers of British goods. Second, "national bias toward the goods of a particular country." This, in the case of the British countries who talk of "Home" as naturally as they drink tea, requires no expansion. Third, tariffs, already surveyed in the previous chapter; and, fourth, the effect of loans by a country upon its markets in the borrowing countries. This is really an applied stimulus, but the direction of loans rest largely on a national attraction basis. Those are all four factors of the highest importance in determining the direction of purchases, and they all apply with overwhelming strength to the countries of the British Empire. This fact is illustrated in one of those glowing comparisons which the soul of this author loves. The Argentine is made to play foil to Australia as a customer of Great Britain. This is a fair comparison, and an overwhelming one. Let every person in doubt upon the comparative importance of Empire and foreign markets buy

Mr. McDougall's book and read pages 87–89. The British love concrete examples. Here is one of a convincing solidity.

That phrase may justly be applied to the whole book. Mr. McDougall has chosen to base his arguments upon solid ground, and to move from fact to fact with the decision (if not the lightness) of a chamois, and as the book is followed through the strength of this method becomes more and more apparent.

In his sixth chapter the writer expands the idea of complementary trade by surveying very briefly the value of the overseas Empire as a supplier of raw materials and foodstuffs to Great Britain—so vitally dependent upon security of such supplies. In the seventh chapter Mr. McDougall summarizes the book up to that point and proceeds to enlarge upon "Men, Money, and Markets." He says:

> The word "Men" means migration so far as the Dominions are concerned, and perhaps in a more limited degree in some of the Crown Colonies; in the remainder of the Empire it should be understood to mean the increase of the standard of living of the native population of the Empire. "Money" represents financial co-operation between Great Britain and the Dominions for migration and development schemes, and the use of British credit to enable backward Crown Colonies to become more important producers and, consequently, purchasers. "Markets" mean that the peoples of the Empire must give effective preference to Empire goods, either through tariff methods or else by other equally efficient means.

In regard to the agricultural supplies of the Empire, Mr. McDougall looks to the future with hope, and he expects to see the forces which he has so ably and clearly described made use of by some broad system of organized producers co-operating, with safeguards, imposed by consumers either through the State or otherwise. He treads in this ground on a path that has been blazed by some few pioneers, and cleared of much undergrowth by the bodies of Empire producers federated in the British Empire Producers' Organization. In his concluding paragraph he says:

> The British Empire contains so many different lands and peoples, that any policy for its general economic advancement must necessarily be varied, but there can be little doubt but that the solution of marketing problems will be found the basic necessity to the development of all parts of the Empire. To anyone who has studied the complexity of the problems that surround Empire development, the necessity for continuous consultation upon an Imperial basis is clear.

The outstanding feature of this book is that the author is one of those very few who have fully realized the simple truth that in seeking the solution of a problem of this magnitude it is wholly necessary to examine the facts thoroughly, and to be cautious about recommending any sweeping reformation of the manifold ills and complexities there presented. Though Mr. McDougall's views appear fairly clearly (and what book would be worth reading the author of which was too deadly dispassionate?) he moves solidly forward, restraining comment, and only a little exceeding the grave measure of his progress when Australia is the theme of his pen. What could more effectively demonstrate primness of the author's method than those two demure phrases, "Orderly Marketing," and "Sheltered Markets" themselves?

The book is, on the whole, admirably arranged. It is a problem of some magnitude to set out in a short statement so huge a problem, and though perhaps some readers may consider that he has interrupted the flow of his argument by a multiplicity of tables which might have been summarized in the text and relegated to notes, there is something to be said for the cumulative effect of these as they appear. There is a little puzzle as to the border line between the natural attraction inherent in Empire trade and the conscious stimuli which have been applied to it, but no more than a little care can disentangle. Without doubt the author has stated a problem he thoroughly understands, with sincerity, with clearness, and with thought. To all who seek to interpret this the central problem of the future for every citizen of the Empire, this book will give at once a truthful statement of the present position, and its causes, and a clear indication of the framework into which to build their own work.